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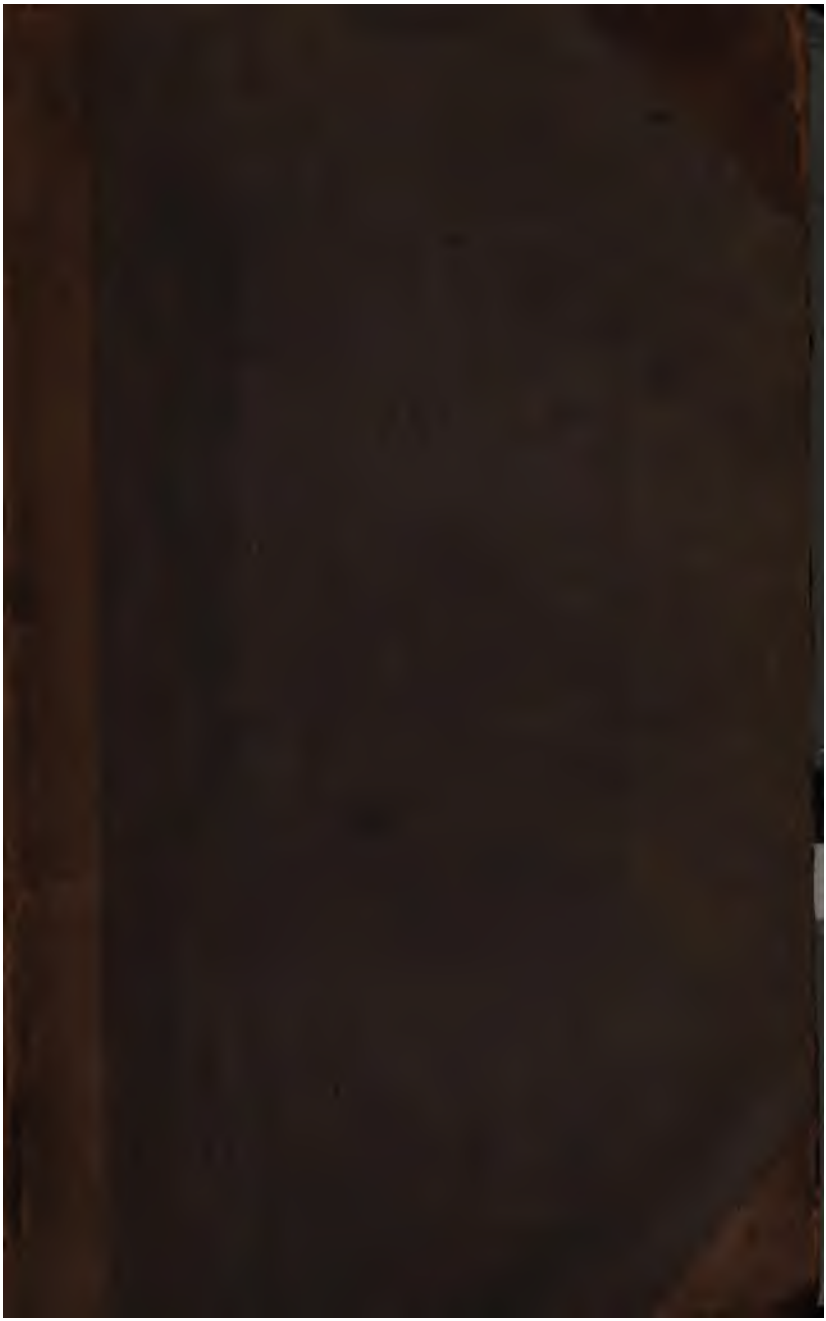

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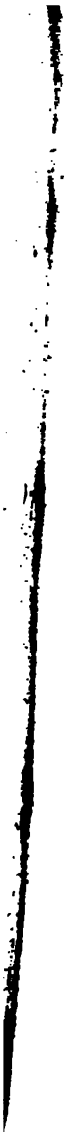

SALVADOR,

OR

BARON DE MONTBELLIARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. CROFTS,

AUTHOR OF ANKERWICK CASTLE, &c.

" Turn the world's history;—what find we there
" But Fortune's sports, or Nature's cruel claims,
" Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
" And endless inhumanities on man?"

YOUNG.

VOL. I.

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SALVADOR;

OR, THE

BARON DE MONTBELLIARD.

CHAP. I.

Addreſs to a Dog—A Diſcovery.

AND what makes thee ſo irritable, poor Hylax? Thou art removed far enough from the haunts of men—what canſt thou find in this lone deſert to raiſe thy paſſions? Methinks the wretched Salvador, with his faithful Hylax, may here expect that peace which was denied him in his native clime. Why doſt thou bark and ſcratch the ground? thou ſurely haſt not

here found out a cruel father and a faithleſs woman. — Salvador moved onward; he touched a ſtring which echoed only jargon to his ſoul; he ſtopped, and leaning on his ſtaff, was quickly loſt in ſad and melancholy muſing. Hylax ſtill barked and growled, and caught his maſter's ſkirt, and pulled, and fain would bring him back. At length the woe-worn Salvador was rouſed: What canſt thou mean by all this irritation? Hylax, where wouldſt thou lead thy wretched maſter?—Still Hylax pulled and barked—and ran before—and then returned—and barked again, and leaped and wagged his tail. "Thou haſt prevailed, my friend," ſaid Salvador; "away! and I will follow thee." For about one hundred yards, with folded arms, thinking more of his misfortunes than of the rapturous joy of his dog, who ſhowed every ſpecies of delight

delight at gaining his point, did Salvador proceed quite out of the path, which led him to that part of the foreſt where the irritation of Hylax had firſt engaged his attention, and ſaw before him a dark and apparently inacceſſible wood, where every plant of the running and twining genus that could find its abode was ſo thickly ſet in underwood, that nature ſeemed here to raiſe a barrier, which man dare not attempt to penetrate.

Fixed in aſtoniſhment at a ſcene ſo novel (for the impenetrable gloom preſerved a form, as if art had centuries back been buſy in its formation), Salvador ſtood ſome time in contemplation before he thought of examining, or before the idea of an entrance ſtruck him, notwithſtanding the high leap and quick impatient bark of Hylax, which plainly proved there ſomething was within worthy of his attention.

With the utmoſt care he ſought an opening, but no where could he find what now his eager wiſhes made him impatient to diſcover: his obſervations, however, were conſtantly impeded by Hylax's violent exertions to get through, which at length made his maſter ſo angry, that he raiſed his ſtick to procure by coercion that quiet in his undertaking, which he found intreaty would not obtain. The blow was on the point of being given, when the unuſual cruelty of the beſt of maſters, terrified the faithful Hylax, who, inſtantly forgetting in the anger of Salvador all that had cauſed it, fell at his feet, and, with the moſt imploring and petitioning look, ſought mercy. The heart of Salvador relented, and looking benignly on his dog, he heaved a ſigh. Hylax ſtill looked entreaty; and perceiving in his maſter's eye, forgiveneſs, he gently raiſed

raiſed his paws upon his knee, and licked the hand juſt raiſed to give the blow.

The blood of Salvador ruſhed to his cheek; but ſoon ſubſiding, a paleneſs took its place, a chill came o'er his ſoul, and ſtooping down, a tear fell on the noſe of Hylax. Thy gentleneſs and affection procure thee this tribute from thy maſter, Hylax; another falls to waſh away his fault. Oh! that I could fly from thoſe diſmal retroſpections thy loving and affectionate attachment ever calls forth! Had a father thus careſſed me—thus kindly turned the eye of pity and of love——The ſtring was touched again, whoſe diſcord harrowed up the ſoul of ſenſibility; and forward the joyleſs Salvador moved on, regardleſs of the path he took, followed cloſely by the only friend his deſtiny had left him. The evening of a ſultry day

came on, refreſhing nature with its genial dews, ere Salvador took reſt; when, tired by the hurried pace he had kept ſo long, he ſunk beneath a ſpreading tree, and leaning his weary head, made heavy by misfortune, on his arm. Sleep eaſed his body for many hours; his mind, alas! remained the ſame, nor were the viſions of his fancy leſs perturbed than were his waking thoughts. Now it was early morn, and nature called for nourishment; ſome coarſe food, which he the preceding day had placed in his little clean white linen bag, was ſoon produced: on the rude table of an oaken trunk he eat, with Hylax by his ſide, the faithful guard who watched him through the night; with him he ſhared the ruſtic and unſavoury meal; and when they had done, he ſtroked the pretty head, and fondly patted the delighted Hylax.

Recol-

Recollection now brought back to his imagination the occurrence of the foregoing day, and ſtarting up, he meaſured back his way, reſolved to ſatisfy his curioſity.—"Shouldſt thou, poor Hylax, ſhow the ſame anxiety to-day, no difficulty or labour ſhall prevent thy maſter gaining the inſide of that well-wrought brambling barrier."

The way was long and hard to find; the mind of Salvador was too much occupied to make a ſingle obſervation when he had travelled it before: at length, however, he attained his wiſh, and found it larger than he ſuppoſed; it bore to his preſent view a circular form. Its magnitude ſurpriſed him; and finding he had come upon a different part from where he had been the day before, he leiſurely walked on, cloſely examining if he could find the ſmalleſt

break, by which he could get through; but it ſtill ſeemed impervious. Tired by the unſucceſsful purſuit, he ſat him down, and taking out a volume of Petrarch, he ſtrove to amuſe his troubled mind: it would not do—he found his ſcattered thoughts would not combine: not all the beauties of the book he read had power to gain his attention; his thoughts would ever and anon recur to ſcenes which long had ſolely occupied the reſtleſs and unhappy Salvador.—Some time had paſſed in melancholy contemplation, when Hylax pricks his ears, his noſtrils ſpread, his eager eye and ſtiffened tail proclaim his agitation; he ſtarts away, and ſoon is out of ſight. "What now, good dog?" ſaid Salvador who quickly roſe, and taking up his ſtaff followed to ſee the ſport: he walked and ran ſome hundred paces ere Hylax came in view.

view. At length he ſees him ſcowering back, full gleefull, and leaping up ſeemed big with information; all his little playful ways were one by one ſhown off, with admirable addreſs, to gain his maſter over to his wiſh, enticing him with every art he could invent, along.—Salvador encouraged him with whoop and hollow, with running now and then, with calling on his name, and whiſtling loud in the air. Hylax now leaped againſt the ſtubborn fence, fell back and leaped again, and ſtunned his maſter with his clamorous noiſe. Salvador, however, reached the place, determined not to quit it before his curioſity was ſatisfied; and groping on the ground, and then among the thickly matted foliage, at length, when almoſt weary with his ſearch, he thought he ſaw a little opening, nearly level with the turf; and ſtooping almoſt on his

hands and face, he worked one hand quite through, when feeling ſomething like a ruſtic gate, he pulled and hauled until he found it yielded to his ſtrength: he then got up to ſee how the outward brambly matting was affected, and ſaw it artfully connected with an inward gate, and ſo well contrived, that he ſtood in admiration of the workmanſhip.—" Am I," ſaid Salvador, " juſtified in thus breaking in unbidden? A cauſe there muſt exiſt why all this elaborate art is made uſe of: the law of honour teaches me I am wrong, thus to intrude on thoſe who find ſecluſion neceſſary." With this idea Salvador left the ſpot he ſo long wiſhed to gain; when Hylax finding his intention, by ſeeing his maſter's back turned on the gate, barked, and making directly to the hole, he crept to the other ſide; nor could the whiſtle, call, or angry reprimand

reprimand of Salvador bring him back; he would thruſt his head half out, and then retreat—then growl and look again—and then go back. "This is too much," ſaid Salvador; "perhaps my aid may ſave a life which Hylax ſees in danger." This thought no ſooner occurred, than all reluctance vaniſhed, and forcing open the gate, he paſſed into the greateſt gloom imagination can paint: he ſcarcely could ſee his dog, though his colour was the fineſt white; and being determined to follow where he ſhould lead, he threw a cord round his neck and heyed him on, giving him length of ſtring, ſo as to make his way. After ſome time walking in a path which ſeemed not much frequented, the gloom became leſs horrid, the rays of light came faintly in to relieve the optic nerves of Salvador, who ſtopped a moment to make ſome obſervation; but

underwood ſo filled up all the ſpace unoccupied by the royal tree, that nothing could be ſeen. The path they followed, which ſeemed to have been once cut out by man, gave a juſt hope to Salvador its end would ſoon be found; yet by his wearied feet he knew he muſt have walked in darkneſs a conſiderable way, and that night would ſoon cloſe in; quickening, therefore, his pace, he laboured much, for much was he fatigued; his ſpirits alſo ſunk: the place was cold and damp, and comfortleſs to paſs the night in, and much he feared he had got into a labyrinth; his bag was empty, and hunger preſſed upon him ſore. He now moved ſlowly on. "Hylax," ſaid Salvador, "hadſt thou inticed thy maſter here juſt ſix months ſooner, how many bitter ſorrows thou wouldſt have ſaved me!" He heaved a ſigh, and ſat him down—the ground

ground was very cold: he heaved another ſigh, and changed his poſture. "It will not do," ſaid Salvador; "it is very, very cold." When riſing up, the bark of Hylax made him ſeek the cauſe; then looking round and round, and up and down, ſtrait forward and behind, he ſaw a light twinkle in perſpective: cheered by the hope of getting to the end of his adventure, he exerted all his ſtrength, and puſhed on vigorouſly; the light, as he advanced, kept pace with his expectation, and ſeemed to invite him to a comfortable board; for hunger now became an evil which Salvador had never felt before. The moon refuſed her light; and night being far advanced, the twinkling light was all his guide. As he approached nearer, he perceived it was fixed in a window, ſeeing clearly the reflexion of the glaſs. "It is a houſe," ſaid Salvador, with joy, "where

"where Hylax and his harraſſed maſter may reſt their weary limbs. Away!" looſing Hylax from the ſtring—"away! and make me welcome."

CHAP. II.

A Houſe—a ſick Man—a Priſoner—a Journey—and a kind Reception.

HYLAX ran on before his maſter, barking and full of glee. The ſingle taper threw a light juſt ſufficient to ſhow the door; Salvador felt for the rapper—"I will venture to alarm the houſe; and ſhould a pampered menial refuſe admittance, I'll pray him to take pity; if that ſhould fail, I will tempt him with my purſe."—But Salvador

Salvador found none to anſwer; the door was faſtened—he groped his way around, and every window he could reach he ſought to raiſe in vain: ſtrong bars and iron bolts were faſtenings too mighty for his ſtrength. At length one ſmall window yielded to his touch, and ſpringing up admitted Salvador with difficulty. All within was utter darkneſs: no bark was heard from Hylax—all was ſilent. The light he had ſeen convinced him the houſe was inhabited; ſome lone domeſtic poſſibly, which ſleep had overpowered, might have left his taper burning: exhilarated by this thought, he moved about, reſolved to find the room, and groped through long and narrow paſſages which brought him to a ſpacious place. His ſteps ſo loud reſounding induced him to ſuppoſe it was the hall; the echo ſtruck terror into Hylax, who barked;

barked; the bark reverberated, and ſolemnly returned the original ſound. Wonderful is the mechaniſm of nature!—Salvador trembled—he felt himſelf unmanned—awful and unaccountable: he ſtopped—his breath grew ſhort—his pulſe beat quick. Fear had never before aſſailed him: a manly courage filled his ſoul, but yet he was not raſh; he found himſelf alone, unarmed, unnerved by hunger and fatigue—cruel and rapacious robbers might poſſibly be the inhabitants of the manſion, which he had, like a nightly miſcreant, entered: ſhould it not be even ſo, its maſter may be hot nd irritable—may conſider him an aſſaſſin. He felt he had no right to enter another man's abode thus ſecretly: the outer door was faſt; the window through neglect might have been left unbarred—"How ſhall I," ſaid Salvador, "dare venture to intrude?"

—Tired

—Tired and faint, he ſought a ſtool to reſt upon; and feeling round the walls, they ſeemed unfiniſhed—"The houſe may be under repair, and its Lord from home." In this perplexity of thought ſome time elapſed, until the early morn now ſhed its firſt gleam of light, which faintly entered through the opening in the window-ſhutter, and ſcarcely yet made known to Salvador the perfect ſtyle of the room. Animated by the approrching morning, he raiſed him from the ground: the boards ſeemed old and worm-eaten. Impatiently he waited for the riſing ſun; the light was ſtill too grey to ſerve him much. Hylax had crept cloſely, and was enjoying a ſweet repoſe ſtretched by his maſter's feet, when, ſtarting from his ſleep, he barked: the ſound again ſtruck horror, when a groan above ſeemed only wanting to unman the weary Salvador.

A mo-

A moment's reflexion brought him to himſelf—another groan was heard, He aroſe, reſolved to find the cauſe; he thought he ſaw a ſtaircaſe; he carefully moved towards it, and climbing up ſome ſteep and ſhelving ſteps, he gained more light as he went on: they led him to a gallery, and iſſuing from the farther part he heard another groan. The houſe ſeemed large and old; in many parts the boards gave way; with cautious ſteps he paſſed on ſlowly to the chamber from whence the groan had ſeemed to come; as he advanced he heard a deep and heavy ſigh, and now perceived a light glimmer through an aperture in the door: this door he ſoftly opened—a lamp almoſt extinguiſhed ſtood on a table in the window, which was the very light that guided him to the houſe; the room was meanly furniſhed, and nothing could he find of human

man form. He advanced to the window; and putting out the lamp, he ſaw only thick and gloomy woods, a gravel terrace overgrown with weeds, and pailings here and there falling to decay. Another groan arreſted his attention. Hylax, wagging his tail and ſmelling round, looked at his maſter and began to bark. Salvador found a ſmall door, which opening, he entered a room, and ſaw a bed hung with green damaſk, old, and much worm-eaten; the curtains were drawn at the ſide he entered at; and walking ſoftly round, he perceived a man lying in his clothes, which beſpoke him menial—he ſeemed in great agony, and often groaned.

Salvador drew back the curtain, and called to him: he lay upon his back, his arm was thrown acroſs his eyes, which Salvador gently drew off, and ſaw an aged face

face, pale and very wan; a cold damp had ſpread o'er all his frame: he raiſed his eye to Salvador, but could not ſpeak. Salvador had a little caſe which contained ſome perfumes, ſome ſalts, and hartſhorn: the latter brought the invalid ſomewhat to himſelf. "How came you here?" ſaid the dying man. "I know not," in a voice ſo faint, the cadence almoſt died away ere uttered, when, ſtopping to collect the whole of all his ſtrength, Salvador aſked him—Was no one in the houſe?—"No, not a living ſoul," faintly he replied, "ſave one, and ſhe"—his face became convulſed, a deadly paleneſs pervaded his whole countenance, and death ſeemed faſt approaching. Volatile ſalts once more reſtored him to the uſe of ſpeech; he graſped the hand of Salvador "Stranger," ſaid he, "I know not how you came—belong you to my Lord?—your face

face is new to me; yet ſurely he may have ſuch a friend without my knowledge—and yet you look too honeſt to come from him." Here he ſighed deeply, then gaſped for breath.— "The fence — how came you through that?—yet Heaven ſure has ſent you to ſave the life of one who elſe muſt have ere long been numbered with the dead. She has had no food theſe two days; quick! in mercy fly to her relief." "Where? how? which way?" ſaid Salvador: "do you be quick, and tell me where to go." "Take this key, Sir, and mount the ſtair-caſe until you can go no higher; on the left you will find a door, beyond which you will find another; enter it: behind this ſecond door you will find a ſmall one; that key belongs to it, and will open into the priſon. Diſpatch, in pity, nor let another crime be added to the number that now lies heavy on my

my conſcience." All amazed, with beating heart and trembling hand, did Salvador graſp the key; and flying from the chamber which held a man he ſhuddered to behold, he bounded up the ſtairs: the door he ſought he quickly found; and as he put the key into the lock, a ſickiſh faintneſs came upon him. Urged by pity and humanity, he rouſed his ſcattered ſenſes; he dreaded he knew not what; his imagination was filled with the idea of ſome poor melancholy object, which death perhaps had eaſed of all her troubles: a feeble ſigh, however, aſſured him ſhe yet lived, and brought him to himſelf. The door with anxious care he opened—ſunk on the floor, the object of his ſearch ſeemed faſt approaching to eternity. He raiſed her on a couch, which ſeemed to ſerve her for a bed as well as chair: he looked around to

get

get a little air; the room was very high, and lighted from above; he ſaw no means of getting at the caſement, which ſeemed well guarded by iron bars; he therefore took her in his arms to an outward room, and brought her to a window, which opening, he placed her oppoſite to it, and rubbing her temples with ſtrong and powerful ſcented waters, ſhe at length ſeemed to breathe; and ſhortly after opening her hollow eyes, ſhe fixed them on Salvador, but could not ſpeak. He then took her again in his arms, and carried her down to the room outſide the chamber occupied by the ſick man; and placing her in a chair, he left her, to go in ſearch of food. The poor unhappy man had breathed his laſt; pity arreſted Salvador's attention for a moment —"Alas! poor wretch," ſaid he, "and art thou gone?—another life juſt verging on

on the grave—a life whoſe reſtoration to this world of pain ſeems very doubtful; and where, Oh! where ſhall I find any thing to help decaying nature?" He now examined all the room; and ſeeing a little preſs with two doors, he hoped to find ſomething there of food or liquid. Alas! it was firmly locked; the key moſt likely was in the pocket of the unhappy departed. The taſk to Salvador was ſad; he heaved a ſigh; and as the ſearch went on, he dropped a tear.—Oh! ſenſibility, how doſt thou warm the heart of man, how ſweetly draw him to the woes of others!—The key, with many more, which ſtill took time to fix upon the right one, was found; and to the joy of Salvador the preſs contained a great profuſion of bottles and a ſmall loaf of bread, with glaſſes, water, and all that he could hope to find. He adminiſtered to the

the lady, who ſtill appeared inſenſible, a little wine poured down her throat by keeping her jaws aſunder with a ſpoon: by ſeveral ſuch applications ſhe ſeemed revived; but ſtill the hope of Salvador was ſmall of her recovery; all within his ability was done to ſave her, and towards the cloſe of day ſhe viſibly amended. Through the whole night he watched her; and by the following day ſhe ſeemed ſo much reſtored, his care and trouble were repaid by thanks—paid with ſuch grace, ſuch expreſſion, as gained her all intereſt and regard. Her ſtory he would not ſuffer her to recount till added ſtrength ſhould fit her better for the aſk. He now reflected on what was the beſt courſe to take reſpecting the deceaſed; the weak and delicate ſtate of his fair charge made it impoſſible to gain any aſſiſtance from her; for he kept the death of her gaoler

a ſecret, that no alarm ſhould retard her recovery, and that no point of delicacy reſpecting himſelf ſhould give her a pang. He had informed her of the illneſs of the man, and learned from her, that ſhe underſtood from him that there was not any habitation within fourteen miles, and that no perſon ever came within the fence. She could ſpeak nothing from her own knowledge, as ſhe was blindfolded the day before ſhe had arrived at this manſion, no part of which ſhe was acquainted with except the priſon, as in that room the bandage had been taken from her eyes, ſince which ſhe had never quitted it; and though ſhe had often, in the moſt moving accents, implored the man to inform her where ſhe was, why impriſoned, and by whom, he had not anſwered her; and on thoſe topics kept ſo profound a ſilence, that neither her prayers

nor

nor entreaties had power to move him; that ſhe was ignorant even of the country ſhe was in; for, after ſhe was taken from the convent, ſhe had travelled a great way by land, and then was put on board a ſhip, where ſhe remained two days and one night; that ſhe was put into a carriage the moment ſhe landed, and never went into any houſe until ſhe was locked up in the one ſhe was then in, where the bandage had been put on her eyes. She ſuppoſed the female attendant left her, as ſhe never after heard the ſound of her voice, and had ſince that never ſeen any body but the man, who, though he kept her confined, had treated her with great care and humanity; that ſhe felt very ſorry he was ill, and begged to know whether he was come to releaſe her on her recovery." Though Salvador had been three days the nurſe of this

intereſting young creature, her weakneſs was ſo very great, that theſe few diſcoveries of her extraordinary ſituation were delivered at three ſeveral times. He was exceedingly perplexed to know in what manner to diſpoſe of the corpſe: it was a greater weight than he could ſingly convey to a place of nterment; and the knowledge of his kindneſs to the lady he had in his power, ſoftened the heart of Salvador, and won the unfortunate deceaſed ſo great a ſhare of his regard, that he wiſhed to do his remains all the honour in his power. He reſolved to go in ſearch of ſome kind aſſiſtant to place it in conſecrated ground, and to procure a coffin. He felt inconceivable diſtreſs at leaving his fair charge in the uncertain ſtate ſhe was in, totally alone, as the diſtance to the neareſt hamlet being fourteen miles, a great length of time muſt neceſſarily

rily intervene before he could return. What dangers may he not leave her expoſed to!—death may ſeize upon her in his abſence. Thoſe contrarieties of wiſhes and difficulties agitated him extremely, and he found it almoſt impoſſible to decide: humanity called equally on his feelings for the living as the dead; tenderneſs ſtrongly pleaded for the former—nature for the latter. Nature prevailed; and, after leaving the lady all he thought ſhe could want until his return, he ſet off with Hylax for the abode of the worthy peaſant and his two ſons with whom he had lodged ſince his reſidence in the foreſt. Salvador poſſeſſed a mind both ſtrong and pure; and as he walked through the dim ſhades of the encloſed wood, he meditated on the wonderful ſcene he had witneſſed ſince he firſt entered it. Warmed with devotion,

he praiſed that great and beneficent Being who had in his goodneſs led him ſo marvelouſly to the aſſiſtance of an amiable young creature, who muſt have died had not almoſt a miracle been wrought in her favour. His imagination, ſoaring into all the varied and enchanting beauties of religion as he went along, filled his ſoul with adoration, and he ſung forth the praiſes of his God with ſuch feelings as all who have a ſoul muſt envy him of. Pity that ſuch a heart as thine, Salvador, ſhould be torn by conflicting paſſions! yet remember, in all thy afflictions, that it is from great minds great efforts are to be expected; the exalted ſpirit will riſe ſuperior to calamity, whilſt misfortune will ſink its oppoſite.

At length Salvador arrived at his houſe; he was beloved by the honeſt inhabitants

of

of the Hamlet, and they felt extreme uneaſineſs at his long abſence. "Bleſſed be God," ſaid the good dame, as he entered the cottage, "that you are returned in ſafety! we have all had tears in our eyes and ſorrow in our hearts, thinking ſome miſhap had overtaken you, and that we ſhould never have ſeen you no more." Salvador ſmiling took the old woman by the hand, and cordially ſhaking it, thanked her for her kindneſs. "Dear heart, you be all in a muck, and your hand trembles ſo—belike you are ill—mayhap ſtarving all this time. —There, there, ſet you down, and I'll air you a dry ſhirt, and get you ſome victuals:—here, Bill, my good lad, go and draw his Honour a pint of beer, and I will warm it with a little matter of ſomewhat in it to comfort your poor heart.—And Hylax too! well, you can't think, your Honour, how

we have miſſed poor Hylax, we have been ſo diſmal you won't believe.—Then come and drink this, and eat a bit, and you will be pure by-and-by—there, come, have on a dry ſhirt and neck-cloth, and you will ſoon cool and get hearty. Dear heart, where have you been? and what has put you into this taking?" Thus did the good old ſoul buſtle with haſty eagerneſs to ſerve him, and ſupply all his wants as far as her poor ſtores would admit;—and pity it is, Dame Hartly, that thy ſtores are not filled, and thy purſe well lined with gold, for freely wouldſt thou ſhare it with thoſe that want!

Salvador, refreſhed by the humane Hartly, for he had exerted all his ſpeed to expedite his return, collected all the family round him, and gave them a ſuccinct account of his adventures, and mentioned his

his wiſhes of their accompanying him back to bury the deceaſed: the worthy Hartlys were confounded when they heard of the Lady that was confined at the Moat (the name of the place Salvador had ſo providentially found his way to). Age, ever loquacious, indulged its favorite propenſity; and the good dame, and her maſter, as ſhe called her huſband, ſeemed emulous which ſhould inform him of all they knew reſpecting it. Women, in ſuch points, are generally victorious; and Dame Hartly, with much circumlocution, gave Salvador the ins and outs, as ſhe called it, of the family of Lord Belfort, whoſe grandfather her grandfather ſerved as carter: "And a pure good fine Lord he was!" ſaid the Dame—"but this here Lord is a ſad rake, an pleaſe your Honour; and we all knows as how he keeps his ladies here in the Foreſt,

that my Lady may be never the wiſer; but I never heard as how he ever locked up people in priſons, and that like; though, for *fartain* ſure, when the great fence was making, and the man came all the way from Lunun to contrive a way through it that nobody know'd but his ſelf and my Lord, and Mr. Munday, who your Honour ſays is dead now at the Moat, all that heard talk of it, ſaid, ſure enough, my Lord was making a priſon to confine folks, and as ſure as can be, it's a priſon, ſure enough."

All that Salvador could learn was, that the preſent Lord never came to the Moat; that Mr. Munday was his confidential ſervant, and that he and his wife lived at the Moat for near forty years, and that they had a very good character from thoſe that knew them; but that they never allowed any body inſide the fence, they giving as a reaſon

reaſon that it was their Lord's orders; and that, if they tranſgreſſed, they would loſe their places: that Lord Belfort had vaſt eſtates and great power, which made people cautious of ſpeaking; that there was no houſe nearer to the Moat than fourteen miles; and that Munday and his wife living there, and not ſuffering any one to enter the premiſes, had long ceaſed to be wondered at.

Salvador propoſed that old Hartly and his ſon ſhould accompany him back to the Moat, to procure burial for the dead, and aſſiſt to bring away the Lady to the Hamlet, if ſhe recovered; but the very delicate ſtate of her health made that dubious. The youngeſt ſon of Hartly ſtaid to take care of his mother, and the flocks and herds; and Salvador, with the reſt of the family, ſet off on horſeback, and arrived at the Moat about twelve o'clock that night.

your friendſhip. I am induced to think highly of you, from the reſpect and humanity I have received—for your care of that poor old man; nor do I think I defraud myſelf with deluſive hopes, when I look up to you for protection, to lead me from this houſe of horror, where I have been a priſoner for more than two years, without any aſſiſtant to ſoften ſuch rigour, or any amuſement to ſhorten the long and heavy hours as they paſſed—without knowing why I was taken in that ſecret manner from the Convent where I had lived from childhood, and where I had many friends ſo dear to me, that I look back upon the days I paſſed with them as the happieſt I ſhall ever know. Ignorant of the cauſe of my confinement, as I am of thoſe that have treated me ſo cruelly, my mind is bewildered with doubt—I am loſt in a chaos of uncertainty—and I conceive

conceive my deſtiny holds out nothing but miſery to my view. Thus reaſon teaches me to ſee my ſituation as it is, yet, free from guilt; and unconſcious of meriting the unjuſtifiable perſecution I have endured, my heart feels light—my boſom glows with benevolent affection to thoſe that ſhow me kindneſs; and I have ſo firm a truſt in Providence, that I hold it ſinful to perpetuate misfortune by gloomy reflexion. Nurſed in the boſom of religion and moral rectitude, I poſſeſs both faith and hope, and my mind is cheerful and calm under circumſtances a more gloomy diſpoſition muſt ſink under. I bleſs God, that you, who ſo miraculouſly and critically came to my relief (for, had I not received your aſſiſtance ſo timely, a few hours longer muſt have numbered me with the dead), are ſo worthy and virtuous as to ſhow nothing inimical to my ſafety."

She

She ceaſed, almoſt faint from the exertion of ſpeaking ſo long; and the timid look ſhe threw upon Salvador, claimed all ſhe petitioned for: a natural aſſociation of ideas had given her a title to his regard and reſpect, nor was it leſſened by the air of ſimplicity and modeſty ſhe preſerved; while ſuch principles flowed from her tongue, that every word ſhe uttered found its way to his heart.

When he had brought her ſome new milk, which ſeemed to agree better with her than any other nutriment, and that ſhe was revived by ſwallowing a little new bread, which young Hartly very dexterouſly made and baked, Salvador gave her ſuch aſſurances of his reſpect and inclination to ſerve her as ſet her mind at reſt. He ſettled her on the bed he had made up for her, and left her to endeavour to get ſome ſleep; after

after which he propoſed taking her into the air, in the hope that ſhe would gain ſtrength under its influence. Her long confinement had reduced her almoſt to a ſkeleton, and he very juſtly conceived nothing would add more to her reſtoration than being expoſed to the air daily; and he meditated on contriving ſome means of moving her about the terrace, and by degrees uſing her to as much exercife as ſhe could bear.

Old Hartly had procured a coffin, by his own ingenuity, for the uſe of old Munday, and the following day he was to be buried: the young Hartly had examined every part of the demeſne of the Moat, and found fields with cows, ſheep, and lambs; all kinds of grain juſt ſufficient to procure a comfortable ſubſiſtence for a few, with a ſteel mill to grind the corn for their uſe and that of the tender young they reared: ſome very fine

fine poultry and a few hogs, ſeemed to ſay good living was not wanting to add comfort to the lonely life old Munday led: a ſmall garden, very well tilled, was the greateſt treaſure; its fruit and vegetables proved ſo ſalutary to the invalid, that, by their uſe, ſhe rapidly recovered.

CHAP. III.

A happy Deliverance—A pathetic Story.

INNOCENCE, thou bright form! thou art the ſoul of the world—thou haſt choſen thy pure celeſtial dwelling in the boſom of refinement—in the boſom of Mariena. Aurora threw her bluſhing tints into the chamber

chamber of Mariena: as Salvador entered to lead her from the Moat, ſhe gave her hand with a confidence in his worth that lightened up the features of exalted purity. Where is the man whoſe fancy, grown ſick with trouble, will not, at ſuch a moment, take joy in exaggerated meaſure? The glow of pleaſure aroſe, and coloured the pale cheek of Salvador; his own ſorrows were for a moment forgotten. "If I can procure you any bleſſing, reſt ſatisfied, beauteous Mariena, though at the loſs of my life, I will not withhold it from you.—Oh, virtue! great are thy powers!—thou haſt rendered the ſoul of Mariena too dignified to know fear; a character ſo exalted poſſeſſes a power repulſive to all the machinations of libertiniſm.—Gentle maid, thou haſt rightly judged of Salvador: wert thou leſs pure, and he leſs virtuous, the ſingle circumſtance

of

of being in his power would prove thy ſafe-guard.

Salvador allowed ſome ſhort time for the recovery of Mariena from the period of old Munday's burial, and returning health began once more to play upon her artleſs features, when he thought it prudent to releaſe her from the priſon; and though he knew not where to lead, he determined not to leave her where her tyrant might again aſſume his ſway, and once more ſhut her up to languiſh in a wretched priſon her youthful days.

Placed on a quiet poney, which the good Hartlys provided for the accommodation of the ſtill feeble Mariena, with Salvador by her ſide, ſhe left the habitation where arbitrary power had ſo long conſigned her. She raiſed her eyes to Heaven as ſhe left the ſpire, and ſeemed to feel the ecſtaſy of liberty:

berty: drinking the ſweets of infant day, her ſoul was raiſed beyond this world; in thankfulneſs and praiſe ſhe ſung her matins to the Virgin; ſhe then reached out her hand to Salvador—he gave her his. "Here next my thanks are due—my heart is full—too full to tell you what it feels—my life and liberty I owe you. She ſqueezed his hand, and, burſting into tears, "'Tis well I am thus relieved; you know not how much this load of gratitude has preſſed upon me—I could not long have borne it."

The hamlet of Hartly was the only aſylum that was yet thought of by Salvador: here he intended to remain a full month, by which time he hoped the health of Mariena would be ſo perfectly reſtored, as that ſhe would find no difficulty in travelling wherever ſhe ſhould propoſe to go; for he had not conſulted her on any future plan.

He

he ſtrove to divert her thoughts, and ſuffered her not to dwell on any ſubject that could retard her perfect recovery. He provided himſelf with money to prevent a ſurpriſe, and young Hartly was left at the Moat to give intelligence if any ſhould approach; but the month expired and no one had been there.

Salvador conſidered himſelf, in ſome degree, the monitor and guardian of Mariena: ſhe was endeared to him by the poſſeſſion of every virtue; her converſation was enlightened by great information; ſhe was lively, and poſſeſſed a certain portion of attic wit that charmed him. Her voice, in ſpeaking, delighted the ear; but, when ſhe ſung, all yielded to the ſweet enchantment—it was more than he could bear—it awakened all his ſorrows. The firſt time he heard her, his tears flowed faſt; he fled, and left

Mariena

Mariena confounded. She enquired of the good dame Hartly—"La me!" ſaid ſhe, "his Honour is in ſome ſad trouble; before your Ladyſhip comed here, he would cry like a child, and put on ſo you cannot think; but now belike he be pure and hearty. My maſter will have it as how he is croſſed in love and the like, and in my heart I believe he ſays true; for he could not eat, nor nothing, when firſt he comed; and I have heard ſay as how folks in love never can eat. Howſomdever, whoever had the heart to be cruel to his Honour, and make him take on ſo, muſt have a heart harder than any ſtone, for he be the ſweeteſt gentleman my eyes ever looked upon, and ſo mild, and ſo good, and conſiderate; and when he ſtaid away for three or four days, I cried as though he had been my own natural born ſon; and when he leaves us (here the tears began to run

run down the aged cheeks of the good Hartly), I be ſure and *ſartain* it will kill me outright. I warrant me he is now laying along in the graſs, taking on ſo, it would grieve your heart to ſee it." Thus the good dame ran on, and might have continued to do ſo for hours, Mariena would not have ſtopped her—every word was a dagger in her heart; and when ſhe was again joined by Salvador, her joyleſs countenance was not unobſerved. He kindly aſked the cauſe of her ſeeming ſadneſs; a tear glided from the eye of Mariena. "You are unhappy," ſhe replied: on ſaying this, ſhe bluſhed deeply, his cheek caught the glow.—"You feel for my unhappineſs, ſweet Mariena?" "Yes, in me behold the moſt forlorn, loſt, undone!" He ceaſed, nor could the preſence even of Mariena rouſe him; his ſorrows were ſacred; ſhe did not try to divert them

them until ſhe ſaw his brow relax; then, with all her native eloquence, ſhe ſtrove to charm away his care: in the ſweeteſt accents ſhe condoled with him on his misfortunes, whatever they might be, and offered conſolation with a heart ſo alive to his diſtreſs, as ſoftened him again to tears. He left her, to hide feelings he could not reſtrain.

From this day Mariena became a prey to melancholy: he would not reveal the cauſe of his woe: had he ever intended it, he could not have reſiſted the paſſing ſcene; ſhe moſt anxiouſly wiſhed to come to a knowledge of it, but delicacy forbid her ſhowing a deſire to know what he thought neceſſary to conceal. How prone is the mind to hunger after what it is denied! She revered him as the poſſeſſor of all human excellence—ſhe contemplated in ſilent pity the anguiſh of his heart, and thought, could

ſhe be made acquainted with the ſources of his grief, ſhe ſhould feel more at peace, though the tale ſhould prove ever ſo tragic. This idea became a ruling one; ſhe ſaw no hope of its accompliſhment, and her troubled mind ſhowed itſelf on her countenance. Salvador was unhappy—ſhe knew not the cauſe: how then could ſhe be at reſt?

Mariena was making a progreſs towards perfection: ſhe felt a harmony within ariſing from the gentler paſſions; love had entered, and the character of Mariena was perfect: her troubles were, ſhe found, the ſources of her greateſt pleaſures—this was inexplicable—and yet ſhe could not deny its truth. She ſhould be happier, were Salvador happy alſo—true; but then ſhe would love him leſs, and in that exceſs of love conſiſted the nameleſs bliſs ſhe felt. The melancholy that preyed upon her heart, and

ſhone

ſhone upon her face, added to every finer feeling of the ſoul; and the more ſhe ſuffered, the more ſhe enjoyed.—After a night ſpent in ſweet contemplation on the beloved object, Mariena left her pillow, juſt as Aurora had drawn up the dark curtain of the night, and the ſun was drinking up by degrees the miſt that ſhade the vallies, when, aſcending a gentle riſe which ſheltered the humble hamlet of Hartly from the northren blaſt, ſhe diſcovered Salvador, with folded arms, ſlowly meaſuring back his way to the cottage. She ſtarted, on ſeeing him on whom her every thought was fixed; but ſoon recovering, with that irreſiſtible eaſe which graced her every movement, ſhe accoſted him, and ſmiling ſweetly on him, aſked if it was cuſtomary with him to riſe ſo early?—"To wander unnoticed—to enjoy alone the fragrance of the morning

heart ſwelled at the idea of the pitiable ſituation of ſo much beauty and excellence. Salvador propoſed another convent as the ſafeſt ſanctuary: he knew two, one in the French Netherlands, the other in Germany, where ſhe would meet all the firſt of thoſe places could boaſt: he was intimately acquainted with two ladies in the Convent of ——, in the French Netherlands, whoſe friendſhip he promiſed would prove a bleſſing to her; yet he recommended that in

tors. Every thing was ſettled for their departure; the good Hartlys were afflicted beyond meaſure: Edward, the younger preſſed to attend them—"Take me with you—you muſt not go, muſt not go without me—I will ſerve you for nothing, only let me go." The addreſs was ſimple; but the eager and warm manner of it found its way

to

to the heart of Salvador. Edward Hartly was a worthy ſoul—knew not deceit; fraud had never entered his imagination—he would die for Salvador: he promiſed fidelity—it was unneceſſary—Salvador knew him, he exacted nothing. They departed—and the hamlet was the reſidence of the afflicted: Hylax left it with regret; he walked ſlowly from the door—returned—looked at the innocent Hartlys, hung his tail, followed his maſter, and returned again. The good old dame burſt into a freſh flood of tears; Hylax looked up in her face, then after his maſter, and quitted the peaceful abode of innocence for ever.

They journeyed many miles without ſpeaking: they poſſeſſed hearts alive to all the finer touches of ſenſibility; nor was the parting ſcene obliterated for many days. Mariena's language was French, though ſhe

ſpoke Engliſh well: in her manner and diſpoſition were united all that is to be found deſirable in the natives of both nations: her vivacity was ſeaſoned by ſolidity; ſhe uſed no exertion, all flowed alike from nature; ſo that ſhe equally delighted in her gay and in her ſober moods.

Salvador dreaded not purſuit; yet as Mariena was ignorant of her enemies, he thought it moſt prudent to travel unfrequented roads, to avoid great cities, to ſtop at ſmall inns, and to make no parade of appearance. Change of ſcene and a conſtant ſucceſſion of objects often relieve the mind: Salvador was certainly leſs gloomy than when he reſided in the foreſt. Mariena obſerved it, and ſung her evening ſervice to the Virgin in thankfulneſs for the happy change. They embarked; and landing near Embden, in Eaſt Frieſland, they travelled through

through part of the County of Oldenburgh. The monaſtery whither Salvador was leading Mariena ſtood not far from the river Haſe; but they avoided entering the Delmenhorſt or Dupholt. Salvador did not find himſelf yet equal to thoſe noiſy ſcenes, and Mariena ſhewed no deſire: in the company of Salvador ſhe enjoyed all the pleaſure and happineſs the world could give; but the idea of ſoon parting with him filled her ſoul with anguiſh: ſleep fled her pillow, and the roſe began to fade upon her lovely cheek. Salvador feared travelling ſo much diſagreed with her, and propoſed ſtopping—"We are in no hurry, Mariena; we have nothing to fear here; and when I part from you, I ſhall only wander alone: a foreſt in Germany and a foreſt in England is one and the ſame thing to Salvador." Mariena heaved a ſigh, and ventured, for

the firſt time, to inquire the cauſe of his great miſery; ſhe would know, if ſhe could, before they parted, perhaps for ever, the ſtory of his woe, that ſhe might live upon his ſorrows, and add them to her own.

Salvador ſtarted at the queſtion; his whole frame ſhook—he looked aghaſt.—Mariena was frightened; ſhe would have given worlds to have recalled her words. He ſpoke not, and ſhe was miſerable. When they again met, he took no notice of what had paſſed; but the workings of his ſoul were ſeen on his countenance, and the deſire of knowing more than he wiſhed ſhe ſhould know, was loſt in the contemplation of the feelings of horror ſhe had awakened in his breaſt. Near the river Hont they fixed their abode: Edward was a treaſure; and Salvador wondered he had not thought of procuring an attendant ere he had left old Hartly's;

Hartly's; but Salvador's mind dwelt not on trifles—it was in Germany he firſt conſidered it. Edward was ſtrong and athletic: early inured to hardſhip and fatigue, he was indefatigable; he provided for all their wants, and, when night overtook them, he would watch and guard them from danger. Salvador wiſhed not to ſeparate from Mariena; Mariena thought of ſeparation with horror: the weather was fine; they had three German horſes—they explored all the country round the river Hont. Germany was a country Salvador was fond of; he gave Mariena a taſte for it: but with Salvador any country would have pleaſed Mariena. She collected ſtrength enough at length to mention the convent—Salvador heaved a ſigh, and a tear gliſtened in the eye of Mariena. The next day Salvador left her in the care of Edward, and ſet off

to procure her admittance; no difficulty was made. Salvador depoſited a large ſum of money for her uſe, and in five days ſhe was to be received.

The ſpirits of Salvador became depreſſed; he reſolved to inform Mariena of his ſad ſtory before they parted; his heart acknowledged her as the ſiſter of his affections—he loved her with purity and fraternal regard. His abſence of two days ſhowed Mariena the exceſs of her paſſion; ſhe ſuffered tortures not to be deſcribed: his return gave her joy almoſt as fatal to her ſenſes; when they were to part, ſhe dreaded the loſs of them for ever.

One day, on the approach of their ſeparation, Salvador, ſitting by the ſide of Mariena, with folded arms and downcaſt eyes, ſeemed loſt in bitter contemplations; ſhe, on the other hand, anxiouſly deſirous to learn

learn the circumſtances of a life in which ſhe found herſelf but too much intereſted, yet fearing to awaken his griefs, forbore the inquiry. They had ſat thus for near an hour, when Salvador, ſummoning reſolution, at length broke ſilence.—

THE STORY OF SALVADOR.

" BERLIN, Mariena, gave me birth; " Leichenſtein the name of my family, " which is noble. Salvador has done no- " thing to diſgrace the anceſtry from " which he is ſprung; and yet, alas! with " his family he can never be again united. —Here he made a conſiderable pauſe.— " My mother—Oh! how ſhall I deſcribe " that firſt of human beings?—I loved her " as I loved my own ſoul; and when that " angel ſpirit departed, would Heaven " had taken Salvador alſo!

" This

" This moſt excellent woman was edu-
" cated at the monaſtery where you,
" Mariena, are to be received in a few
" days. The year before ſhe was to enter
" into the world, an Engliſh family vi-
" ſited the monaſtery, and placed there
" an only daughter about the age of my
" adored mother, between whom, from
" a ſimilarity of temper and diſpoſitions,
" the warmeſt friendſhip aroſe, which
" laſted with their lives; and when they
" were to part, they were both ſo much
" affected, that Lady Julia wrote to her
" father Lord L———, who reſided at
" Vienna, praying that ſhe might be al-
" lowed to paſs ſome time at Berlin with
" her friend: her petition was granted,
" and the young people were happy.

" The Baron of Leichenſtein became
" enamoured of the lovely Iſabel Mont-
" belliard

" belliard, married her; and the unfortu-
" nate Salvador was the only fruit of that
" union.

" Count Rindaw, a noble Ruſſian,
" loved Lady Julia, was beloved by her;
" and Lord and Lady L——— arrived at
" Berlin to celebrate the nuptials. The
" Baron and Count were ſteadfaſt friends;
" their union cemented that friendſhip
" more ſtrongly, and in the happineſs of
" the one family conſiſted that of the
" other. The Counteſs, three years after
" her marriage, gave birth to a daughter,
" and expired. At this period I was
" more than three years old: the grief
" that pervaded my father's houſe made
" an impreſſion on my young mind never
" to be effaced. I perfectly remember the
" black dreſs of all around me, and their
" ſorrowful faces. The Count ſurvived
the

" the Counteſs but two years, and, dying,
" bequeathed the young Julia to my mo-
" ther's care: to this Venus—this angel—
" this devil, Salvador owes all his miſery!
Mariena ſighed.—" My father prefer-
" red educating me at home. I had a tutor,
" and every kind of maſter; I learned
" with great facility: I never failed to
" pleaſe my father and my teachers. In
" the mean time, the lovely Julia grew in
" beauty; nothing could ſurpaſs her infant
" charms: we never quarrelled like other
" children—I muſt have been her lover
" from the firſt moment I beheld her. I
" never was happy when away from her,
" and I learned every thing quickly, that I
" might have more time to play with and
" careſs my darling ſiſter: my excellent
" mother encouraged my love—there was
" no end to my happineſs! The death of

" Lord

" Lord and Lady L——— left this di-
" vine orphan wholly my mother's: ſhe
" has often told me, ſhe loved her as
" much as ſhe did me.

" Seventeen years paſſed ſmiling on
" without a cloud to obſcure my dreams
" of happineſs: I neither knew pain nor
" ſorrow—my days aroſe in peace, and ſet
" in pleaſure. I warmly painted my joys in
" perſpective; but a little time convinced
" me my colouring was too high. About
" this period my much-beloved mother
" began to decline; I ſaw it with anguiſh—
" my ſoul was filled with ſadneſs; not
" even Julia could comfort me. I never
" left her—I watched the diſeaſe that con-
" ſumed her, and, to my unſpeakable hor-
" ror, I found it made rapid ſtrides to
" devour her. Oh! Mariena, when death
" had laid his iron hand upon her; when I

" ſaw

" ſaw her angelic form no longer ani-
" mated; when her dear eye could no
" more look on her Salvador, words would
" be too faint to expreſs my ſufferings."

The pale viſage of Salvador—the ſighs that burſt from his heart—the tears that rolled from his eyes—theſe proved his loſs was ſtill freſh in his memory. Mariena wept alſo: they were the tears of ſympathy, and healing to the wounded mind of Salvador.

He continued:—" My father, in a
" ſhort time after my misfortune, talked
" to me, I thought, rather with too little
" ſenſibility; I was bewildered. Is not my
" mother dead? I demanded. My imagi-
" nation ſeemed to glide away at the
" thought; and I fell into a ſtate of ſtupi-
" dity, from which I did not awaken for
" ſeveral

" ſeveral weeks, ſo ſpiritleſs and feeble:
" even Julia was no longer remembered.
" When I began to recover, I aſked my
" attendants queſtions concerning my fa-
" ther; he was as well as could be ex-
" pected. Julia paid him uncommon at-
" tention, and I bleſſed her for her care of
" my remaining parent. From this day
" I uſed every exertion: Julia viſited me—
" the meeting was too mournful to de-
" ſcribe: ſhe uſed every art to rouze me,
" and under her influence, I became
" calmer. My father talked of going to
" England—" Change of ſcene will be
" uſeful to Salvador." You will not yet,
" ſaid I, leave the grave of my bleſſed
" mother?—Oh! my father! He knit his
" brow, and retired. Julia feared he was
" offended. I followed him—I threw my-
" ſelf at his feet, I bathed his knees with

" my

" my tears. He ſeemed diſſatisfied, and was
" only half reconciled: the journey was
" put off, and we remained until the year
" was expired in Berlin.

" My beloved mother had wiſhed me
" to be united to Julia; ſhe told my fa-
" ther ſo; and the day ſhe died, ſhe joined
" our hands. I mentioned it to my fa-
" ther, and aſked him to unite me to my
" Julia, before we left Berlin. He turned
" pale; and I grieved that I had wantonly
" brought to his mind a circumſtance that
" happened juſt before the diſſolution of
" my revered mother: tears fell from my
" eyes; I took his hand, and preſſed it to
" my lips. " Apply to Julia—if ſhe con-
" ſents, I agree. He left me: I repaired
" to Julia; and, though ſhe gave me every
" proof of unalterable love, ſhe decidedly
" refuſed an immediate marriage; nor
" could

" could all my eloquence prevail upon her
" to change her opinion. As I quitted
" her apartment, I met my father's valet,
" who brought me a meſſage to repair in-
" ſtantly to his cloſet. Chagrined and
" diſappointed at the bad ſucceſs of my
" pleadings to Julia, I ſtaggered, rather
" than walked, into my father's preſence:
" he held a letter in his hand, and, as I
" entered, wiſhed me joy of a large for-
" tune. " Your uncle is dead, and you are
" heir to the great Caſtle of Montbelliard,
" with all its vaſt eſtates." I knew nothing
" of my uncle; but grieved for him as the
" beloved brother of my ever-lamented
" mother. It was neceſſary I ſhould ap-
" pear in perſon, and take poſſeſſion of
" Montbelliard. I ſhall take Julia to Paris,
" ſaid my father, where you may join us
" in our way to England; and I hope
" you

" you will ſoon find Julia more comply-
" ing; though, my ſon, I think ſhe is
" right; ſhe is certainly too young to be-
" come a wife: another year, and ſhe will
" better know the duties that belong to
" that character.

" We parted—Oh! Mariena, what a
" parting! her diſtreſs alarmed me for
" her life. " Salvador, we have never been
" ſeparated before—can I live, and know
" you to be at ſuch a diſtance from me?"
" She leaned her head on my boſom, and
" ſeemed hardly to reſpire. My father
" appeared diſpleaſed, and hurried me
" into my carriage. I arrived at Mont-
" belliard, after a long and tedious journey,
" during which I learned that Julia, the
" beloved Julia, was neceſſary to my
" peace; every progreſſive moment told
" me ſo; and I made all the expedition in

" my

" my power to Paris, that I might again
" behold the idol of my ſoul. I arrived
" there a week before them—what impa-
" tient anguiſh did I ſuſtain! I once or
" twice determined to return to Berlin;
" yet the fear of miſſing them, induced me
" to give up the idea: at length I had the
" ſupreme happineſs of preſſing the lovely
" hand of Julia, and all my troubles and
" diſappointments were at an end. Pro-
" viding for your welfare, my ſon, de-
" tained me for the laſt week: I have ſent
" a perſon, whom I know you will ap-
" prove, to ſuperintend your caſtle, who
" will render you a fair account of your
" expenditure, and do you juſtice. She
" was the friend, though reduced in cir-
" cumſtances, of your dear mother, and
" is regarded by Julia. " The good
" Lindom!"

" Lindom!" I exclaimed, " The ſame—I " hope my appointment has pleaſed you."

" I made my father my acknowledg- " ments: it was an arrangement that " pleaſed me prodigiouſly; and I felt my- " ſelf extremely grateful for his attention " to my intereſt. We remained in Paris " for two months, and partook in all its " amuſements. Julia was followed as a " bright ſtar which illumined all around " her; but ſhe appeared unconſcious of " the great admiration of the world, and " ſeemed to live but for me and my fa- " ther. On our arrival at Dover, my " father propoſed making a tour through " the whole kingdom of England, before " he fixed his reſidence for the winter in " London; it was very agreeable to both " Julia and myſelf; and we viſited

" every

" every ſcene worth viewing in Great
" Britain.

" My father's conduct to me had been al-
" ways reſerved and cold. Since my dear mo-
" ther's death I ſaw with ſorrow it was more
" conſtrained. He in trivialities was often
" cruel, and in ſeveral inſtances ſhewed
" a fixed and ſettled diſlike to me. This
" gave me infinite pain. I have often
" talked it over to Julia; but ſhe endea-
" voured to convince me, by a thouſand
" kind arguments, it was my own fancy;
" that my father was one of the moſt
" charming men in the world, and that, if
" I gave way to thoſe fits of ſpleen, I ſhould
" make a deteſtable huſband—" Your
" Julia will be the next you will find fault
" with—Salvador will make all who love
" him unhappy."—We were interrupted by
" my father, ere I could make a reply, and

" reflection taught me the impropriety of " complaining of a parent even to my " Julia. I deſerved the ſpeech that gave " me pain, and thanked Julia for the con- " viction.

" Hylax, my loved and faithful Hylax, " the favourite of my mother, and given " to my care and affection by that ineſti- " mable woman, was not in the good " graces of my father: he took frequent " opportunities of ſhewing his diſlike of " my valued dog. The day after we ar- " rived in London, Hylax was lying on a " chair in the breakfaſt parlour; it was an " indulgence that had never been refuſed " him: my father entered—Julia was ſit- " ting beſide me on a ſofa, and I was " preſſing her dear hand to my lips. He " rallied her rather peeviſhly; and going " up to the chair on which my poor

" Hylax

" Hylax was enjoying a peaceful ſlumber,
" he angrily drove him off, and, opening
" the door, he kicked him out. I ſtarted
" from my ſeat—the mantling blood aroſe
" from my heart, and ſpread itſelf over
" my countenance; I felt an honeſt anger
" which I do not even now bluſh at, and
" following Hylax, "Had any but a father
" uſed you thus roughly," ſaid I, looking
" ſtedfaſtly at my father, "they ſhould not
" go unpuniſhed." A faint bluſh roſe in
" his cheek, and was ſucceeded by a
" deadly pale: anger kindled in his eye,
" and I left him.—When we met again
" at breakfaſt, he ſeemed to have forgot
" the circumſtance, only noticing that I
" did not bring my dog as uſual. I
" evaded any anſwer, for I was offended—
" my feelings were ſorely wounded; for

" Hylax was the loved plaything of my
" adored mother.....
" Julia was introduced to Lady G——,
" her aunt, an amiable old lady, and
" much attached to her late brother Lord
" L———: ſhe received Julia with great
" affection. My father announced to her
" Ladyſhip the honour I aſpired to, and
" ſhe very graciouſly invited me to her
" intimacy and friendſhip. With Lady
" G—— Julia was to appear in public.
" My heart died within me at the thought
" of Julia being ſeen at the Engliſh
" Court; in every man I feared a rival,
" and all my rhetoric could not pre-
" vail on her to conſent to our marriage.
" My heart was torn by ten thouſand
" conflicting paſſions: I appealed to Ju-
" lia's love, to her pity, to eaſe my tor-
" tures. I implored her in the moſt
" moving

" moving accents to name an early day,
" which would end all my doubts and mi-
" ſeries; that my health, nay my life,
" would fall a ſacrifice to her cruelty.
" She threw her arms round my neck;
" entreated me to calm thoſe tumults that
" deſtroyed me, to place my faith in her
" long and ardent affection for me—She
" loved on earth only my father and my-
" ſelf. " Let not Julia think ill of Salvador
" —Salvador who occupies every thought
" of her heart." Thus was I lulled into
" a painful ſecurity; I ventured again to
" conſult my father, and to beg he would
" uſe his influence. He promiſed me his
" intereſt; but adviſed me not to preſs
" her: ſhe had ſome very particular rea-
" ſon, and ſhe was yet very young. He
" took a ſtep which he thought neceſſary,
" of announcing to the world her en-

" gagement to me, as that would keep off " all pretenders to her hand; and ſo very " beautiful and intereſting an appearance " as the lovely Julia poſſeſſes, would have " many candidates. My father aroſe, " walked about the room, and repeated " that it was a precaution he conceived of " the utmoſt conſequence. " And yet, Sir, " ſhould Julia like any of thoſe candidates " for her favour, what is to become of " the wretched Salvador?" He anſwered, " that her love for me was unbounded; " and that if ſhe could change, he thought I " ſhould be a happy man to diſcover it prior " to my marriage—" An after-diſcovery " would lead you to ruin."—" True, Sir; " but if Salvador is ſo curſed as to loſe the " love of his Julia, you will have a ſon as " well as wife to mourn." " You are too " grave and ſentimental; a lover, me-

" thinks,

" thinks, ſhould be more alive." I thanked
" him for the kind hint, and I reſolved to
" appear gayer in future: I reaſoned upon
" my father's words, and ſaw the abyſs
" my melancholy was likely to plunge me
" into—I ſhall tire her, and ſhe will place
" her affections on one with whom ſhe
" may lead a more cheerful life. I was
" rouzed by this idea, and the change in
" my ſpirits ſeemed to pleaſe her. If
" you continue this charming gaiety, Sal-
" vador, I ſhall begin to think of your pe-
" tition.—" Ah! grant me your charming
" ſelf, and you ſhall have no cauſe to find
" fault with the want of ſpirits of Salva-
" dor." She would ſoon, ſhe believed,
" conſider me; her guardian had been
" ſpeaking to her. She patted my cheek,
" and flew out of the room. Novelty is
" the god the Engliſh worſhip: a ſtranger,

" a foreigner, a beauty, and a vaſt fortune,
" all theſe combined in Julia, and all
" theſe drew after her a train of faſhion.
" Every thing ſhe wore was adopted in the
" firſt circles: her taſte in dreſs was origi-
" nal; every thing ſhe put on appeared
" elegant: all Paris had been rifled to ſet
" off her charms; and a correſpondence
" was kept up between her and her milli-
" ner, who ſupplied her conſtantly with
" every thing in the article of dreſs as it
" came out. This receiving the finiſh
" from Julia's pure and refined taſte, and
" ſet off by the power of her natural love-
" lineſs, made her the admiration, of not
" only the male, but the female world."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Continuation of Salvador's Story, which has more of the tragic than the comic in it.

" I WATCHED, with fearful anxiety, " the viſible advances that Lord C——— " and Lord B——— made to gain the fa- " vour of Julia: they were her conſtant " attendants; but Julia laughed at them, " and at all others, that paid her particu- " lar attention. I aſked her one day, " Was " I in no danger of loſing her affections? " Such and ſuch," mentioning their names, " are handſome and accompliſhed men, " and they are all your adorers."—" I have " not yet met a Leichenſtein among the " Engliſh: when I do, you will have

" cauſe to fear; but prithee think not ſo
" meanly of yourſelf, as to ſuppoſe every
" fooliſh fop that addreſſes me can rival
" that loved name. I preſſed her to my
" heart; ſhe returned the embrace:—" As
" you have thrown off that gloom, and are
" become once more gay and cheerful, I
" have come to a reſolution, and, an hour
" ago, after much ſolicitation; I promiſed
" my guardian, in three months to con-
" ſent to his wiſhes." My acknowledg-
" ments were equal to my unbounded
" joy; I preſſed her lips—ſhe unreluc-
" tantly permitted me to do ſo; and in
" that ſituation the door was opened by my
" father. I thought I ſaw diſpleaſure in
" his eye, and, as he looked at Julia, the
" colour mounted to his cheek. " My en-
" trance has been mal-à-propos; it often
" is ſo, methinks."—He threw on me a

" look

" look of determined diſlike, and quitted
" the room. " What can my father mean?"
" Julia laughed, and followed him. I
" ſtood at the window, loſt in thought;
" nor could I tell which, pleaſure or pain,
" predominated. The coach was at the
" door—I ſaw her go into it: ſhe looked
" up at the window, and beckoned me to
" her—I flew down ſtairs; a footman held
" my hat—I entered the carriage, and it
" drove off. She diverted me for half an
" hour with the lecture ſhe had received
" from her dear handſome guardian, as
" ſhe often called my father, and, by her
" vivacity, cleared away the miſt that had
" gathered round my heart. " Salvador,
" you are truly German; you muſt reſide
" ſome time in Paris, to get a little life: I
" ſhall hate you when you are grave."
" Then I will never be grave." — " Pray

" throw it aſide—it quite ſickens me. If " I was but now introduced into the fa- " mily, I ſhould, at firſt ſight, miſtake " you for the father, my guardian for " the ſon." The coach ſtopped at Lady " G———'s door, as ſhe ſaid this, and " the converſation was broken off of courſe. " Lady G——— mentioned a party ſhe " was to have on Saturday fortnight: " You muſt come, Julia, and we will go " to the Opera, and return to ſupper—it is " a ſelect ſet, and your two beaux muſt " attend you; for really it is a diſpute " point in all the upper circles, which, " the Baron or his ſon, is the handſomeſt. " The Baron, ſaid Julia, laughing, is a " thouſand times more agreeable than his " ſon: I have been reading a lecture on " gravity to this gloomy being; but I " think he is not much the better for it;

" I wiſh

" I wiſh you would join me, Lady G——:
" he really gives me the vapours." " We
" muſt not allow her to be ſo ſaucy; if ſhe
" is, we muſt ſcold her into more pro-
" priety," ſaid Lady G———. " Then
" all women in the world are alike; all join
" the men in oppoſition to their own ſex:
" come, come, my Lord Grave-Airs, I
" have half a hundred viſits to make before
" dinner." She gave me her hand, and ſhe
" rattled away during the reſt of our drive,
" and at length rattled me into falſe
" ſpirits; for I cannot ſay I was happy.
" The character of Julia was changing
" daily; thoſe pure ſentiments, and the
" lively innocence ſhe poſſeſſed, appeared
" to me to have fled. I thought I could
" not be deceived; her regards to me
" ſeemed forced, and yet in a thouſand
" inſtances I could have ſworn her true.

" I pro-

" I promiſed to ſpend a few days with Mr.
" Melham, a very particular friend of
" mine, at Windſor; I took leave of Julia
" with that intention: but Melham was
" taken ſuddenly ill, and I returned home
" in about two hours after I had left it,
" and ſtrolling into the library, I was ſur-
" priſed to ſee my Father and Julia *tête-*
" *à tête.* — My father grew pale — and
" Julia deeply bluſhed:—the face is the
" mirror of the mind;—in theirs I ſaw
" what planted daggers in my heart.—My
" father, collecting himſelf, told me he
" was ſettling every thing for the ap-
" proaching wedding, and that he would
" leave me to finiſh what he had begun:—
ſaying which, he left the room. Julia
" was ſilent—I could not ſpeak: what
" agonizing thoughts filled my breaſt!—
" I knew not what to think. For the
" firſt

" firſt time Julia looked conſcious.—
" You are out of ſpirits."—She anſwered,
" Rather ſo:"—ſhe was conſidering what
" a ſerious thing marriage was, and how
" ſoon ſhe ſhould take upon her duties
" which ſhe feared ſhe was too volatile to
" fulfil with that propriety ſhe wiſhed.
" Who is grave now?"—" I am, Salvador,
" I acknowledge it; leave me, and you
" will confer the greateſt obligation on
" me." I gravely bowed, and left her;
" as I ſhut the door, I heard her ſigh.
" All is not right, ſaid I; ſome ſad ſecret
" hangs over Julia's deſtiny and mine. I
" ordered my horſes, and took a ſolitary
" ride. At dinner Julia appeared con-
" ſtrained; ſhe often bluſhed; and when
" ſhe looked at me, an inward conſciouſ-
" neſs was viſible in her face. My ſoul
" was torn by the moſt conflicting paſ-
" ſions;

" ſions; I knew not what to think; I had
" ſuſpicions, but I would not allow them
" to gain upon me. My father was one
" of the handſomeſt men of the age, in-
" ſinuating and captivating—Could he
" love Julia?—could Julia love him?—
" How I lived after this reaſoning, I know
" not. You may judge what I felt: my
" ſufferings threw me into a fever, in
" which I became delirious, and conti-
" nued ſo long in that ſtate, the phyſi-
" cians began to fear my ſenſes were loſt
" for ever. After ſome time the fever left
" me; yet ſtill I remained inſane. Mel-
" ham came to viſit me: he deplored the
" dreadful ſituation to which I was re-
" duced, and aſked, if either my father or
" Julia knew any particular ſong I was
" fond of. My father ſaid he never had
" ſo minutely obſerved my pleaſure.

" Julia,

" Julia, bluſhing, ſaid, ſhe knew one.
" Melham told her he knew a gentleman
" in preciſely my unfortunate ſituation,
" who was reſtored to his reaſon by a con-
" tinual repetition of a favourite air being
" played on the inſtrument he was fondeſt
" of. " That will be a hard matter to de-
" termine then," ſaid my father; " for Sal-
" vador is an amateur of muſic, and
" plays himſelf on four different inſtru-
" ments, all of which he has even ap-
" peared equally fond of. " I fancy, ſaid
" Melham, this fair lady's voice then
" will be the propereſt to make trial of."
" Good God, Sir! would you kill her?"
" ſaid my father. — A look from Julia
" ſilenced him, and, turning to Melham,
" Lead me to your friend, Sir, and I will
" inſtantly begin a remedy—pray God it
" may have the wiſhed-for effect!" She en-
" tered

" tered my chamber, and walking up to
" the chair I was indolently ſitting on,
" ſhe aſked me how I found myſelf. I
" was ſinging the very ſong, but in a very
" incoherent manner, that ſhe was about
" to try the experiment with, which I
" continued without taking the leaſt no-
" tice of them. When I had tired myſelf,
" I ſtopped, and they judged that an im-
" proper time for them to begin. The
" next day Melham led Julia in again; I
" was playing with a bit of paper, my
" eyes fixed on the ground. Julia began
" to ſing—I raiſed my eyes—and, for a
" moment, recollection ſeemed to regain
" its place in my brain; but the next
" threw me back again into all my wan-
" derings. I began to rave—to call upon
" Julia,—upon my father—talk of their
" treachery — demanded from him, why
" he

" he dare love my betrothed wife? call
" upon my mother to ſee juſtice done to
" Salvador. When my truly ineſtimable
" friend, Melham, was giving me all
" theſe particulars, he ſaid the ravings
" of the morning firſt taught him to
" think with me; and, from that moment,
" he reſolved to watch both my father and
" Julia with the moſt unwearied ſcrutiny.
" He perſevered; and when Julia was
" ſinging, and ſeemed tired of the taſk, he
" would himſelf play the tune upon her
" harp: he added alſo a French horn, a
" clarionet, a grinding organ, all which
" he kept continually playing; until my
" father aſked him, in a tone of voice
" Melham did not know very well how to
" brook, if he intended bringing every in-
" ſtrument he met in the ſtreet, into his
" houſe, to turn his brain, and that of
" his ward's, and make them as mad

" as

" as that fooliſh boy Salvador? Mel-
" ham could hardly curb his paſſions;
" but his friendſhip to me ſubdued his
" reſentment, and he apologized for the
" liberty his great regard for me had in-
" duced him to take. Julia looked with
" diſapprobation at my father, which threw
" a reſtrained politeneſs into his manner,
" and addreſſing Melham: " Surely you
" muſt ſuppoſe me a moſt unnatural cha-
" racter not to do every thing to gain ſo
" deſirable an end as the reſtoration of my
" Salvador to his right mind; but in
" truth, Sir, I am of opinion, that you
" will fiddle and trumpet him out of
" the poſſibility of his ever regaining
" them." Melham, after this converſa-
" tion, contented himſelf with ſinging
" and playing to me himſelf; he no
" longer deſtroyed the quiet of my fa-
" ther's

" ther's houſe; and he had the ſatisfaction
" of perceiving his cares were likely to be
" rewarded with the end propoſed. In
" about ten days I ſhewed viſible ſigns of
" returning underſtanding; which he kept
" a profound ſecret, until he was convinced
" his hopes were crowned with certainty.
" My father and Julia every ſecond day
" came into my room for about five mi-
" nutes; this was all the care and attention
" they beſtowed on the hapleſs Salvador.
" The firſt dawn of reaſon appeared one
" day, immediately after they had left the
" room: I took the arm of Melham, and
" aſked him, did not my Father and Julia
" juſt leave us? The joy this beſt of men
" felt on hearing me, brought a flood of
" tears down his manly countenance;
" they ruſhed in ſuch copious drops on
" my hand, that I ſtarted, and feeling my-

" ſelf

" ſelf preſſed in his worthy arms, I caught
" the infection, and wept too. He did all
" he could to encourage this ſoftneſs,
" thinking it the moſt happy circumſtance:
" it proved ſo, for by the evening of the
" following day I was perfectly reſtored.
" Finding that neither my father nor Julia
" came near me, I aſked Melham the
" cauſe; and he told me, that their hour
" of viſiting would not arrive until twelve
" o'clock the next day. I had never
" opened my wounded heart to my friend,
" and I was unconſcious that my ravings
" betrayed the ſecret that was deſtroying
" me: the unkindneſs of Julia, and diſ-
" affection of my father, worked on me
" like poiſon eating up the vital ſpring of
" life. I aſked him if any but himſelf and
" my faithful ſervant knew the happy
" change that had taken place. He ſaid he

" had

" had purpoſely kept it a ſecret. "Then,
" ſaid I, my friend, let it remain ſo; in-
" inform them you are obliged to go to
" Windſor, and abſent yourſelf for three
" days; caution Hanſel not to mention a
" word of convaleſcence: and, on your
" return, I will give you ſuch reaſons as
" will convince you of the propriety of my
" conduct."—" Let another week, my dear
" Salvador, paſs, and I agree to your
" ſcheme; but I will not leave you for one
" week more." I could not ſay nay to ſuch
" kindneſs; I ſqueezed his hand fervently,
" and raiſed my heart and eyes in thank-
" fulneſs for ſuch a friend. The hour ar-
" rived for which I was burning with
" impatience, and my father and Julia ap-
" peared. Oh! Mariena, what I felt!
" reaſon almoſt fled again. Her beauties
" broke upon me like the ſun in full reful-

" gence;

" gence; and fixing my eyes upon her, I " hardly reſpired, till my father took her " hand, and led her out of the room. " Jealouſy now raged in my breaſt; I was " on fire—I put my hand on my thigh, " thinking thereon hung my ſword: the " action of my hand was to draw it from " the ſcabbard—the idea of my father " ruſhed on my mind, and, calling on the " bleſſed name of my angel mother, I " threw myſelf on the bed, and burſt into " tears.

" Melham ſuffered them to flow: nature " at length recovered itſelf, and became " more calm. " Pour your ſorrows into " the breaſt of friendſhip, Salvador: " nouriſhing corroſive retroſpection is " nurſing the diſeaſe that conſumes you. " I know the cauſe of your ſorrows; by " participation they may be leſſened."

" True

" True, my beſt friend, ſaid I, you ſhall
" be admitted into the confidence of the
" moſt wretched man in exiſtence, whoſe
" ſoul is made up of ſuch attenuated ma-
" terials, ſuch fine-drawn feelings, that
" much preſſure will break the tender
" threads, and Salvador, ere long, will
" ſink into his peaceful grave, unla-
" mented, ſave by the pure heart of the
" friendly Melham.—Ambition breathes a
" deſire after fame in the breaſt of every
" man; let your warm and ſincere friend
" lead you from this houſe; let other pur-
" ſuits engage your thoughts: hitherto
" your joys were many, your evils few;
" ſink not under thoſe misfortunes which
" human nature is ſo liable to; think,
" Leichenſtein, think ere it is too late, nor
" waſte the prime of ſuch a life as yours,
" pining after a perfidious woman

" whoſe vices, truſt me, much exceed her
" virtues."

" You ſpeak of Julia?"

" I do, my friend, of Julia, the beau-
" tiful, accompliſhed, faſcinating Julia,
" whoſe form is lovely—Oh! ye Gods,
" how lovely!—how much, much more
" ſo than her mind. I thought her mind
" was pure, pure as the new-born day."—
" You loved, and were deceived."—
" True, I have been deceived, and I
" have loved.—Thoſe only who have ex-
" perienced the unhappy delights of a firſt
" paſſion, can form an idea what I now
" endure. I imbibed it at a time of life
" when fancy puts reaſon to flight; my
" love for Julia is interwoven with my
" exiſtence; it grew as I grew; and it
" will fade and become languid, as I ap-
" proach nearer and nearer to eternity.

" In

" In infancy began the tender flame, and
" ripened with the man; the inmoſt re-
" ceſſes of my troubled mind are filled
" with her loved idea; her image is ſo
" firmly fixed, that if I would, I could not
" drive it hence. No, Melham, my la-
" cerated heart may break, but it can
" never forget Julia."

" Is Julia worthy of your love?"

" I boaſt not of being a ſtoic, I can-
" not therefore anſwer your queſtion:
" our theory is for others—practice for
" ourſelves. Aſk the voluptuary, why he
" daily partakes of luxurious viands and
" exhilarating wines, when he is conſci-
" ous he takes in poiſon, that muſt in the
" end conſume him?—And I, I have no
" ſenſe of bleſſings in future: my ſoul is
" warmed with its preſent affections; and,
" when they ceaſe, I can exiſt no longer:

" it is a point not to be argued upon, and " thus ends all the boaſted wiſdom of " man! When his paſſions come in con- " tact with his reaſon, the former will " gain the maſtery over the latter, and " lead him, ſpite of all his wonted powers " of underſtanding, ſpite of all his philo- " ſophy, into error. I hate not the mind " that has power to raiſe itſelf above mine: " no, Melham, I deplore my own weak- " neſs, and that of half mankind; for the " more we know, the greater knowledge " we gain of our own deficiency.

" You, who have gained ſo perfect a " knowledge of mankind, ſhould, me- " thinks, rouſe yourſelf out of this lethargy " of woe, and look into the cauſe as well " as the effect.

" Were I to look into the cauſe too " minutely, madneſs would again ſeize a

" brain

" brain not yet quite healed: pity me,
" but do not argue. Alas! I preſumptu-
" ouſly ſuppoſed the unruffled ſcene of
" bliſs would laſt for ever; but the ſtorm
" came, and found me unprepared to
" meet its violence: I grow hourly more
" involved, and my embarraſſments
" thicken as I labour to diſengage myſelf.
" When I revert to paſt ſcenes, to the
" days of happineſs, and think of my
" preſent bankrupt condition, it is not
" within the power of man to bring cold
" reaſoning to his aid.——A viſit only
" every ſecond day, and that to laſt only
" five minutes!—Shame on it!—my blood
" boils—my indignation riſes to a degree
" of frenzy.—A father to act thus!—Julia,
" the loved, the adored of my heart!—
" my brain twirls....Leave me, my friend;
" to-morrow I ſhall be better." I ſunk

" on the bed, and lay in a ſtate of ſtupor.
" The day my father and Julia were again
" to viſit me, Melham was abſent; when
" I heard them coming, I placed myſelf
" before them, and threw into my coun-
" tenance as much appearance of madneſs
" as I could aſſume: they both looked at
" me for ſome time, and I could perceive
" more impatience to be gone, than either
" pity or regard in them. " Come, my
" dear guardian," ſaid Julia, " the coach
" waits; this ſight is too much for my
" nerves." " It is, my charming angel,"
" ſaid he, " you ſhall attend me here no
" more; he is certainly paſt cure, and we
" will have him removed to a mad-houſe."
" It will be the beſt way, I fancy; for really
" I begin to be afraid of him." They left
" the room, as Julia finiſhed this humane
" ſpeech: love danced in her eye, as ſhe
" gave

" gave her hand to my father—he preſſed
" it to his lips with ardour. Rage, jea-
" louſy, and revenge, ſeized me by turns—
" I was on the point of ruſhing out of my
" room, and demanding the cauſe of ſuch
" conduct from my father; but a thought
" providentially ſtruck me, which deterred
" me—what that thought was, I almoſt
" bluſh at this moment to think of; and yet
" I had afterwards good cauſe to think my
" ſuſpicions well founded. I dreaded,
" had I ſhown any violence, that, to get
" rid of me, he would have ſent me ſe-
" cretly into a private mad-houſe, and
" there detained me for life.

" My dear friend Melham found me in
" ſuch a ſtate of diſtraction, that he was ſe-
" rioufly alarmed for me, but by degrees
" he brought me to myſelf. I recounted
" to him the cauſe of my added diſtreſs,

" and my father's intention of ſending me " to a mad-houſe.——" We muſt prevent " that, if poſſible, without declaring your " recovery."—

" Why ſhould I keep it any longer a " ſecret? I ſee no uſe now in appearing " what I am not; for I deſire to ſee " no more, to convince me that Julia is " falſe. My father"——" A villain!" " roared Melham."

" That comes better from you than " me."

" There are, Salvador, reciprocal du- " ties; and though I admire you for your " reſpect for a father, I muſt confeſs I " conceive he has broken through all law " both human and divine, and the ſooner " you ſee him in his real character the " better. Julia, my friend, is every way " unworthy of you: ſhe poſſeſſes the moſt

" depraved

" depraved heart — her principles and " beauty are ſufficient to deſtroy the " world—ſhe never loved you—ſhe made " you the tool of her pleaſures; and, when " ſhe is tired of her preſent lover, ſhe " would, if any conſequences obliged her, " obtain the ſanction of a huſband, and " honour you with the name."

" A heavy ſigh burſt from the bottom " of my overcharged heart; I caſt myſelf " down upon the ground in an agony of " deſpair. Melham left me to reflect on " what he had told me, and for near half " an hour preſerved ſilence. I became " aſhamed of indulging ſo much weakneſs; " it was a ſtroke I ought to have been pre- " pared for, yet the purity of my own " principles taught me not to ſuſpect ſuch " monſtrous depravity: the ſhock came ſo " heavy in this accumulation of horrors,

" that I became abſorbed in miſery, ſo
" poignant, that ſelf-deſtruction ſeemed
" the only relief from ſuch corroſive and
" dreadful feelings. My friend, with ener-
" getic reaſoning, endeavoured to rouze
" me out of my diſtreſs; and I put on a
" falſe appearance to him, to cover with
" more ſecurity the dark buſineſs I was
" pondering upon: however, one queſtion
" he aſked me more effectually rouzed me
" than all the powerful repreſentations he
" had been labouring to perſuade by. Do
" you not wiſh to prove the truth of what
" I have aſſerted, by witneſſing yourſelf
" thoſe meetings that I allude to?

" Do you ſuppoſe me capable of doubt-
" ing you, Melham, the ſoul of honour?

" Two months ſince, and you would
" not have doubted Julia—nor yet the

" Baron

" Baron your father: their being guilty
" does not make all mankind ſo.

" True: but on ſo nice a point, where
" a father and a beloved miſtreſs are the
" objects—pardon me—you ſhould prove
" the truth by ocular demonſtration. I
" will lead you to a ſcene which muſt eaſe
" you of your love—to a ſcene you ought
" to witneſs, to prove to you the unwor-
" thineſs of two people your heart takes
" ſo great an intereſt in."

" Where, and to what would you lead
" me? Are you ſure I can bear more than
" you have already loaded me with?"

" The ſooner you know all, the ſooner
" you will gain ſtrength to bear it: what
" you now ſuffer is worſe than certainty:
" accident fortunately brought me ac-
" quainted with what it is neceſſary for

" your honour to be appriſed of; for Julia
" has long outſtripped the bounds of
" modeſty and virtue."

" When am I to be an eye-witneſs of
" thoſe atrocious deeds?"—" This night,
" if Salvador can regulate his paſſions;
" all depends on that: the danger of a diſ-
" covery would be greater than you are
" aware of." He drew his chair nearer
" mine, and whiſpered in my ear, " Have
" you never heard of private mad-
" houſes?"—My blood ran cold—a chilly
" damp ſpread itſelf through my veins.
" Yes," I replied, " my guardian angel
" whiſpered in my ear, as you do now,
" there were ſuch things; elſe, perhaps,
" I ſhould now have known more about
" them."——" Keep it in your mind's
" eye, and act cautiouſly."—I promiſed
" —and he left me.

" The

" The contrarieties of agonizing feelings " certainly preſerved me; for, had any " one ſolely engroſſed me, my ſenſes muſt " have fled. I waited with palpitating " beatings the return of night and Mel- " ham. The Baron and Julia were at " a private ball — this facilitated our " ſcheme: my man treated all the Baron's " ſervants this night; and while they " danced and drank, for we provided " wine enough, we ſafely gained our poſt, " when we could command all that was " ſaid and done in Julia's room, fearleſs " of being diſcovered. I cannot paint my " ſufferings when Julia entered—was put " to bed—and left alone. All was huſhed " for near an hour, when we perceived " Julia ariſe, open the door, and admit " the Baron. She had thrown a looſe " white robe around her, in which ſhe

" ſtood

" ſtood parleying with him: we could
" diſtinctly hear her aſk him, what had ſo
" long detained him. " Fear, my life,"
" ſaid he. " Could any thing but fear of
" her ſuffering, keep her ardent lover from
" her embrace?—To bed, my love." My
" eyes grew dim—Melham expected me
" to faint. " Courage, Leichenſtein!"
" he cried, " revenge ſhould keep you
" up!"—It did—" I felt myſelf invigo-
" rated." When we had judged they had
" fallen aſleep, we took each a dark lan-
" tern, previouſly provided by Melham,
" and crept ſoftly to the door of their
" chamber: how my trembling limbs car-
" ried me to it, I know not, for my whole
" frame was ſo agitated I could hardly
" ſtand. " Remember, Melham, we are
" not murderers—no provocation whate-
" ver muſt endanger my father's life."—" It
" ſhall

" ſhall be ſacred."—" Then I am ready."
" We opened the door, without diſturbing
" them: each had a piſtol. I was ap-
" pointed to Julia's ſide, being weakened
" from illneſs, and not a match for my
" father, who was very ſtrong: Melham
" was his equal. So faſt did ſleep lock up
" their ſenſes, that we got inſide the cur-
" tains ere they awoke. On their ſtirring,
" we, in a moment, turned our lanterns
" on their faces, and, preſenting our
" piſtols, forbade them to ſtir, on pain of
" inſtant death. A deed of darkneſs
" makes a coward of the braveſt.—Julia
" ſhrieked—the Baron bit his lip. " Sal-
" vador," ſaid Melham, " are you ſatis-
" fied?" " Not yet," I anſwered; " aſk
" them if they are married?—truſt me, I
" am not equal to hold a converſation with
" them." To Melham's interrogatory

" they

" they anſwered, " No." " You have
" no objection, Baron, to marry Julia?"
" The Baron heſitated. " You ſurely can
" have no objection to do her juſtice?"
" He ſtill was ſilent. " By Heaven,"
" ſaid I, you marry with all convenient
" ſpeed your ward, or I ſhall blazon your
" dealings to the world!" For Heaven's
" ſake, take this madman!"——" Hold!"
" ſaid Melham, " you miſtake: Salvador
" has long ſince recovered his moſt per-
" fect reaſon, too long for his repoſe. Your
" inattention and your cruelty have not been
" loſt upon me: my friend and I have
" guarded againſt your future machina-
" tions; but my dear mother's favourite
" ſhall not be thrown on the world a
" wretched proſtitute: I ſwear, by Heaven
" and earth, ſhe ſhall become your wife!"
" Who made thee ruler of my fate, pre-

" ſumptuous

" ſumptuous boy?" angrily aſked the " Baron. " Yourſelf," was my reply. " You are my father—even my wrongs " will not excuſe me to myſelf for ſaying " more." " Curſe on your puritanical na- " ture, that thus for ever guards you!" He " became furious, and I no longer heeded " what he ſaid. Julia pleaded for pity. " Oh! Julia, is it thus I ſee you?—is it " thus, in the midſt of my promiſed ſcene " of permanent delight, I am daſhed into " the deepeſt abyſs of miſery?—is it thus " that all my fond ſchemes are dreams of " air, and that my ſoul ſhall no longer " know thoſe joys which, but juſt now, " ſeemed ſo inticing, and ſo promiſing? " Hadſt thou early ſheltered thy beauties " and thy virtues in the boſom of thy " faithful Salvador, ſpotleſs would have " been thy fame, peaceful thy days, and

" glorious

" glorious thy departure to a better
" world." Nature yielded—my feelings
" were too powerful for my ſtrength, and
" I ſunk ſenſeleſs on the bed: my faithful
" ſervant was in waiting—Melham called
" him to my aſſiſtance; he took me in his
" arms to my room—laid me upon my
" bed, and tired nature was in ſome
" degree reſtored by a ſhort though diſ-
" turbed ſlumber. Melham obliged my
" father to quit Julia's room, and retire to
" the drawing-room that joined it. After
" breakfaſt a licenſe was procured, and I
" was preſent at the reading of the mar-
" riage ceremony that joined for ever my
" father and the frail Julia. Melham car-
" ried me to his houſe, where all my
" papers, &c. &c. had been taken early
" in the day: orders were given, and im-
" mediate preparations made for the de-

" parture

" parture of the Baron and his retinue:
" they ſet off in three days for Berlin.
" My valued friend never left me. I
" reſtrained my ſorrows, in pity to him,
" but they oppreſſed me doubly; and I
" ſaw the neceſſity for flying from his
" flattering care, and quitting the buſy
" town, the noiſe and buſtle of which was
" more than I could bear. Juſt as I had
" come to the reſolution of leaving him,
" he was ſuddenly taken ill: his diſorder
" was an inflammation on his lungs, and
" a very ſhort ſpace of time bereft me of
" him alſo. This unſeaſonable blow
" threw me into a fever; my life was
" deſpaired of, but the care of my faith-
" ful Hanſel brought me through it. On
" my recovery, I had the double misfor-
" tune of loſing him alſo: he took the
" fever, and in ten days Hanſel was num-

" bered

" bered with the dead. I looked back on
" the paſt ſcenes of the laſt few months
" with terror—with ſurpriſe—with hor-
" ror. " Surely man is but a ſhadow,
" and life a dream." But now, and I
" was ſurrounded with what the world
" deems every ingredient to conſtitute
" perfect felicity; the glorious ſun began
" his courſe, and ſaw me happy; he ſet,
" and left me bleſſed. Oh! how changed
" the ſcene is now!—bereft of all, ſave in-
" nocence and health, theſe I can boaſt.
" My mind became ſo racked, my every
" feeling ſo lacerated, I wandered out of
" town, unknowing where to go, un-
" heeding all, ſave deep regret and ſad
" deſpair. Every tie was broken—duty,
" love, friendſhip—all that binds man
" to man; all that makes life deſirable no
" longer could find a place in Salvador's

" woe-

" woe-worn breaſt. It was not ſingly a
" diſappointment in my firſt paſſion; my
" father's conduct, or his cruelty and un-
" kindneſs; the death of the beſt of men
" and friends; the loſs of my faithful and
" affectionate Hanſel:—any one of theſe a
" man of ſenſibility will feel, yet con-
" quer; but coming all at once on a de-
" fenceleſs head made ſore by a regretted
" mother's death—Oh! it was too, too
" much for man to bear and live; and yet
" I have ſurvived all, and ſtill remain a
" lonely wanderer on the earth. I yielded
" me to the unſocial predilection, and
" fled from the cheerful haunts of men:
" no philoſophic reflections preſented
" themſelves to my diſtracted imagina-
" tion—I loſt ſight of all but my own
" misfortunes. Thus grown up to woe,
" I day and night walked on, with Hylax

" by

" by my ſide—pity for him alone has of-
" ten made me ſtop—he was all my ſad,
" ſad deſtiny had left me: in the general
" wreck I ſaved but him.

" This, Mariena, is the ſtory of Salva-
" dor; the reſt you know. It was in one
" of my ſolitary walks that Hylax be-
" came the immediate agent of your de-
" liverance. Heaven ſent me to your re-
" lief: if I can relieve you, life may ſtill
" be valued by me. I have ſworn to pro-
" tect and defend you, and for this reaſon
" have brought you to my own country.
" Look on me, Mariena, as your father—
" brother—friend. Be happy, and Sal-
" valdor will be leſs wretched. In a day
" or two we part. Montbelliard, my
" caſtle, ſtands at the diſtance of about
" ſix days journey from your Monaſtery.
" Chance often performs that for us which

" the

" the moſt judicious reflection cannot bring
" about. In leading the virtuous Mariena
" to a ſafe retreat, Salvador is brought
" back to where he ought to live, to ſoothe
" the unhappy, heal the ſick, protect the
" poor, and take the wanderer to his
" boſom; theſe are henceforward the pur-
" ſuits of Salvador. At the expiration of
" every three months expect him at the
" Monaſtery, where the good Prioreſs will
" ſuffer him to remain for two or three
" days; when all your pleaſures, ſorrows,
" cares, will find a ſafe repoſitory in the
" breaſt of your faithful friend." He
ceaſed—Mariena's ſoul was filled with ad-
miration of his worth—miſery and com-
miſeration at his ſufferings. Bleſſed Mont-
belliard! ſo kindly placed contiguous to
the Monaſtery, that Salvador can viſit Ma-
riena; and as the revolving year goes
round

round, four times the preſence of her friend and brother will bleſs her ſight!

The day arrived, and they proceeded to the Monaſtery. The heart of Mariena was full; but the ſweet hope of ſeeing Salvador ſo often, calmed her regret at parting with him; and the kind looks and gentle manner of the Prioreſs did all the reſt. He ſtaid ſome two or three days, each convincing him all would be as he wiſhed for Mariena. His mother's name gained friends for Mariena—her own merit fixed them hers for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Montbelliard Caſtle—its ſituation—The meeting with a Friend—Something worthy to gain the attention.

THE way from the Monaſtery to Montbelliard was long. Salvador was right—the journey might be made in ſix days, but nine ſuited better with the diſtance; and Salvador made nine of it. Neither cities, nor rivers, nor yet much of the glow of cultivation, mingled with the ſcenes Salvador was to paſs for the firſt days. A foreſt lay in his way; and the vaſt mountains may be allowed to be picturesque and magificent, but they offered no other

beauties to relieve the eye. No fine-topped inacceſſible ſteeps, with ſmiling vallies peeping between their ſhaggy ſides, preſented the weary traveller with the view of paſtoral delights. No, his way lay through barren and uncultivated waſtes, made horrid by unclothed, gloomy, and tremendous mountains.

The fifth day changed the landſcape; Salvador enjoyed it, and reſted. The character of the country now took another feature: cultivation, in all its variegated charms, met the eye and gladdened the heart; it wrought a happy change in Salvador's: the great gloom wore off as the beauties of nature gained upon his ſenſes; and the nearer his approach to his caſtle, the more his melancholy evaporated. He pleaſed himſelf with the thoughts of bringing wealth and happineſs to his vaſ-

ſals,

ſals, of filling each poſt in his houſehold with the virtuous and the brave, and ſpreading around him peace and content. How unlike the pride and pomp of an abſolute ruler was Salvador's entrance into his domains! No gaudy equipage, with foaming ſteeds — no trumpets or herald ſent forward to proclaim the tidings of the mighty Baron's approach. The humble, elegant, virtuous Salvador, ſought not obeiſance from his dependants. No!— he ſought their love in preference of their fear; and, while he talked to one, and nodded to another, he ſeaſoned familiarity ſo with dignity, that they ſeemed ready to pay him that adoration from choice, which a haughty chief would have received from compulſion. Hartly, the honeſt Hartly, was amazed: ſuch crowds, ſuch numerous herds, acknowledging his maſter for their

Lord, the King of England, thought the worthy ſoul, can boaſt of nothing equal to all this. He ventured to obſerve it, for he was in the habit of telling his thoughts to Salvador. He approached, however, and offered his opinion with more than wonted reverence and reſpect; and innocently addteſſed him by the title of *my Lord*, which made his maſter ſmile. "My riches and grandeur, ſeem to ſtrike you with awe, Hartly; but I poſſeſſed the ſame when thy excellent father and his worthy dame admitted me, unknown, to their hoſpitable hamlet." Hartly interrupted Salvador, by aſking him whether he was a King; for he had ſeen and heard of Lords, and great ones too, but never heard of any that could boaſt of being ruler over ſuch multitudes of people.—"I am no King, Hartly; my greatneſs originates

originates in the government of Germany, which, like many other nations, is very faulty, and in nothing more than giving unlimited power into the hands of numbers over the poorer order of the people: it once was ſo in England; but that happy land, the happieſt in the world, both from its laws and ſituation, have equallized the rights of all degrees of people; liberty rears its head over tyranny and oppreſſion, and ſpreads its influence over all the land. Monarchy, under the ſtrict rules of juſtice, moderation, and virtue, gives to the happy ſubject, that lives under it protection, his rights, and ſecures himſelf from oppreſſion, and his country from confuſion. Taxation is the only real evil of England." Hartly ſhook his head—"It is hard upon the poor; it preſſes ſore upon them." "I admit it does; yet,

Hartly, when you become acquainted with other countries, you will find the poor of England to be envied more than thoſe of any other nation. I mean to travel—you ſhall attend me; and when you compare the oppreſſed Ruſſian, Pruſſian, French, and German peaſant with your neighbours in the New Foreſt in Hampſhire, you will be of my opinion: it will make you more loyal to the illuſtrious Family on the Throne; and, as long as it continues the faithful guardian and executor of the laws, loyalty will be its due: there are multitudes big with their own conſequence, with their ideas of liberty and of equality, watching a fair opportunity to ſtir up the public mind to rebellion. There are enough of theſe in all nations; and I have ſtudied to little purpoſe, if my prognoſtic of mighty feuds in France, ere long, does not prove

prove me a true prophet. God only knows how they may end! but the peaceful hamlet of Hartly may feel the ſhock preparing for the world.

Hartly heaved a ſigh, when their approach to the caſtle called off all his attention.—No times but thoſe of anarchy and confuſion could have fixed on ſuch a ſituation for a caſtle: it is built on a projecting rock, which overlooks a very deep valley. The rock, which in itſelf is an amazing great pile, appears, at a diſtance, to make part of the building, or rather the whole rock takes the form of a caſtle, from the happy arrangement of the architect: in its craggy corners are ſeen to riſe watch-towers, and other appendages of dark rough ſtone, ſimilar to the natural colour of the rock, throwing over the whole a gloom which adds conſiderably

to the idea of its immenſity; and though, upon a nearer approach, the deceit is viſible, yet the ſpreading battlements and numerous towers, the extenſive and maſſy walls of the ramparts, prevent the mind from loſing the firſt idea it had formed of it. The woods are great, dark, and ſublime; but the prodigious height of the rock on which the caſtle ſtands, rears it ſuperior to all accompaniment, and leaves it a ſingle object proudly towering over all below. The ditch ſurrounding was very broad; deep and clear was the water, over which was thrown a bridge; the portcullis was up: and Salvador and his faithful Hartly ſtood until the diſtant rejoicings, for the ſafe arrival of their lord, reached the domeſtics of the caſtle, when they flocked with ready ſpeed to give him entrance. The hour was early noon—the

ſun

ſun was bright, the horizon clear—all without the caſtle was highly dreſſed and cultivated. The ſcene was wonderfully grand and magnificent, and ſtruck the ſoul of Salvador with delight—the cheerful happy faces of all around, raiſed his ſpirits —his heart was touched—love, benignity, and humanity, each ſucceeded to warm his affections; and a pure vow went up, and was regiſtered above, that all who ſought ſhould find in him a kind and patient maſter—a face that he could dreſs in ſmiles, he ſwore ſhould never wear a frown. "Pity that thy heart had ever cauſe to mourn, Salvador, or thoſe eyes ſo ſweetly turned on miſery had ever cauſe to weep thy own!"

The gate-way leading into the great court was opened; its ſize was gigantic, and the walls of prodigious ſtrength and

the beſt of hearts—ſhe rouſed her ſpirits, and, with an aſſumed cheerfulneſs, bade her words flow in ſuch language, as ſhould chaſe from the boſom of Salvador all that her preſence had cauſed to riſe. But the voice of Madame Lindorn undid all ſhe wiſhed her words ſhould do; for ſo ſtrikingly did its tones reſemble thoſe to which his heart had been always tremblingly reſponſive, that he ſunk into a chair, and burſt into tears. Madame Lindorn fled his preſence; ſhe ſaw the bleſſed image of his angel mother, and mourned afreſh her loſs.

Salvador, ſunk in an eaſy chair, brooded over his afflictions. Hour after hour paſſed—each found him ſorrowful and ſad—all his loſt friends paſſed in review before him—he traced each circumſtance that had happened to him ſince he laſt ſaw

the

the excellent Lindorn; while ſhe, in her own apartment, gave a looſe to her feelings, careſſing the valued Hylax. At length he rang, and ordered a ſervant to inform her he requeſted to ſee her. She immediately obeyed his ſummons. The dignified figure of Madame Lindorn, her mild and courteous manner, won every heart; a look of ſuch peculiar expreſſion was marked on her pale viſage, that all the misfortunes of her life ſeemed to be written there: the hard hand of adverſity marked more years on her countenance than ſhe had numbered: a ſtranger would decide for fifty, and yet ſhe reckoned only forty-one. Her appearance announced her to be a woman of rank; her information and addreſs confirmed the impreſſion. The Baroneſs of Leichenſtein ſelected her from among the crowd for virtues and accompliſhments

compliſhments rarely to be met with; her misfortunes bound her more cloſely, and cemented the friendſhip ſtill more ſtrongly. In one ſhort year ſhe loſt her huſband, children, fortune, and all her worldly friends; then cruelty and oppreſſion from every ſide aſſailed her: thoſe who had fanned and flattered her when fortune ſmiled, now turned the rude, unkind, and ſhameleſs gaze upon her. She loſt her confidence in mankind, and for many months thought no one was to be found whoſe virtues could redeem it, until the knowledge of her diſtreſs in a foreign land reached the pure ear of the Baroneſs: it was reſerved for her to redeem human nature in the opinion of Madame Lindorn, and teach her that virtue, ſenſibility, and benevolence were ſtill extant on the earth. The death of this friend ſummed up the

total

total of miſery—the cup of Madame Lindorn ran over—there was nothing left her to mourn; it was beſide ſudden, unexpected, and myſterious. The Baroneſs was very healthy, and in a few weeks a decline was ſaid to carry her off. The manner of death is often as great a ſhock as death itſelf: it proved ſo to Madame Lindorn: ſhe felt excruciating agony at the event. She attended the Baroneſs during the whole of her illneſs: the Baron did not invite her to remain longer; yet, on Salvador's coming into the great fortunes of his uncle, the Baron aſked Madame Lindorn, as a favour, to take upon her the direction of the Caſtle of Montbelliard, and appointed her a very handſome ſalary with her own attendants. She was a woman poſſeſſed of both forecaſt and aftercaſt—of great economy—without meanneſs, humble—without

out injuſtice, ſtrict. The Baron in this inſtance ſhowed great attention to his ſon's intereſt—he could have fixed on nobody ſo proper.

Salvador, at the requeſt of Madame Lindorn, accompanied her over the caſtle. She had improved the furniture, and every thing gave proof of her great care. She begged to know what apartment he appointed for himſelf; "That my dear mother occupied when ſhe viſited her excellent brother." Madame Lindorn offered another with humility, as being more convenient. "His choice," he ſaid, "was made." She ſhowed another, and another, and ſtrongly recommended them by every means invention could find out; and ſo preſſed him not to ſleep in that, that Salvador became inquiſitive to be informed of her reaſons: ſhe ſaid, ſhe only

only ſought his comfort and convenience. He returned his thanks; but ſaid, he no where was ſo ſure of finding it, as where he had appointed. She ſaid no more, but ſeemed diſquieted. When Hartly came to light him to his chamber, he humbly begged to ſpeak to him, and, falling on his knees, beſeeched him not to think of ſleeping in the haunted chamber. "Where have you heard this tale?"—"When Madame Lindorn's woman gave directions to the chambermaid to prepare theſe apartments, "Heaven forbid!" replied the chambermaid, "we muſt not ſerve our noble maſter ſo: tell him, good Mr. Lanſtan," addreſſing the butler, "tell him his uncle, the late Baron, and his Lady-mother, walk there every night, and moan and groan ſo piteouſly, it would ſend him to his grave, to witneſs it but for one night.

night."—"I dare not venture it," was Mr. Lanſtan's reply: "if it was proper to be told him, Madame Lindorn would have done ſo." Then wait upon her, was the chambermaid's deſire, and know from her what is proper to be done. Mr. Lanſtan did ſo; and when he returned, he told the maid to do as ſhe was ordered. They all ſeem," continued Hartly, "ſo attached, ſo proud you are come to Montbelliard, ſo eager to ſerve and pleaſe you, and they are all ſo grand withal, I plodded much before I determined what to do; I reaſoned thus: they are the beſt judges who are governed by ſo good a lady, they ought to know the propriety better than I who am ignorant, and particularly unknowing in theſe things. And yet I ventured in the end, you ſee, to be ſo bold as to inform your Honour; for if any thing was to happen to

you

you in that frightful chamber, I never ſhould be happy: therefore I hope you will pardon, if I have done any thing amiſs."

Salvador aſſured him he had not offended, he was grateful rather for his care: he had no fears of any thing that could happen to him, and, going on, deſired Hartly to follow. He went to bed as uſual; and when Hartly took away the candle, his maſter went to ſleep, and enjoyed a night of ſweet repoſe, calmer than he had done for many months before. The next day he found employment in viſiting the demeſne of the caſtle, his gardens, and his ſtud; all pleaſed him much. His vaſſals came to offer their obeiſance, the courts were filled, all bent the knee to the great Baron de Montbelliard.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Aye, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you; but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our baſeneſs. SHAKESPEARE.

LET us now return to the Baron of Leichenſtein, with his new-made bride, the unfortunate Julia. At the concluſion of Salvador's ſtory, related to Mariena, we find, that immediately after their compulſory marriage, they left England with the intention of proceeding to Berlin, as appearing in the circle of the Engliſh Court, after what had taken place, was by no means deſirable; beſides, the Baron had ſome qualms, ſome certain uneaſy ſenſations,

tions, when the idea of meeting his ſon croſſed his imagination. Ere they reached the Continent, a little reflection and deliberation convinced the Baron, Berlin alſo had its objections: he therefore fixed on Paris, and thither they directed their courſe.

Before we follow them to that gay metropolis, ſuited ſo much more to the genius of Julia than either London or Berlin, we beg leave to account in ſome degree for the very unnatural attachment that ſubſiſted between them prior to their arrival in England; for the better elucidating which, it will be neceſſary to recur to the days of Julia's infancy.

The Counteſs Rindaw, mother to Julia, had a domeſtic on whom ſhe beſtowed a large portion of her regards, and at her deceaſe made it a laſt requeſt, that ſhe ſhould

ſhould have the care of her infant daughter, with a certain fixed ſalary for life. This the amiable Count with the utmoſt readineſs promiſed; and, when the Baroneſs de Leichenſtein undertook the charge of Julia, Madame de la St. Laurent became of the Baron de Leichenſtein's houſehold. This woman was poſſeſſed of all the ſubtle arts of intrigue, with a moſt inſatiable thirſt after riches: ſhe had the addreſs to impoſe herſelf on the Counteſs Rindaw, as a perſon of exemplary character, and of principles and manners the moſt unblemiſhed. She was alſo equally fortunate with the Baroneſs de Leichenſtein, having the power of conforming to all characters and diſpoſitions, and of turning their virtues and vices equally to her own emolument: ſhe read with the utmoſt facility every trait in both the head and heart

heart of the Baron, and with joy ſupreme found theſe ſentiments ſo congenial to her own, that ſhe looked forward to an harveſt plenteous and laſting.

The Baron and ſhe ſoon underſtood each other: the amiable Baroneſs thought her all perfection, ſo completely did De la St. Laurent act the part of virtue and purity. She had piercing black eyes, a very delicate ſhape, a ready wit, and great vivacity, with ſuch a turn for ſatire, that all ſhe choſe to make appear ridiculous could not wear any other feature. She was a lively French woman, and a very handſome brunette. With theſe perfections ſhe gained the heart of the Baron, and converted his love to her own advantage. She had the happy art to retain his affections for a longer time than theſe connexions uſually laſt; and when the ardour of his

his paſſion cooled, they ſtill remained friends, as they mutually found it neceſſary to the intereſt of both to continue ſo. The virtuous Baroneſs was the only obſtruction, the only obſtacle, to Madame de la St. Laurent's ſchemes: ſhe looked upon her with a jealous eye; and as virtue and vice can never aſſimilate, ſhe at length conceived ſuch an hatred for her, that ſhe reſolved to ſtick at nothing to effect her ruin. With this determination, ſhe ſet all her wits to work to diſcover ſome flaw in her conduct, by which to give a plauſible colour for the Baron to obtain a divorce: but the ſound ſenſe, purity of heart and manners of the Baroneſs, and that certain command which the truly virtuous ever maintain over the wicked, defeated all De la St. Laurent's machinations; and,

after

after numerous futile plans, ſhe was obliged to give up the idea altogether.

At this period Julia was about thirteen, and a very full-grown girl for that age. It was neceſſary to the affairs of De la St. Laurent, that ſhe ſhould make a viſit to the place of her nativity; her ſtay was prolonged for five months. On her return, ſhe was ſtruck with the improvement in Julia; and the Baron being preſent, ſhe took an opportunity to ſend Julia out of the room, and then ſpoke in the higheſt raptures of her charms.

"Yes," ſaid the Baron, "I think ſhe is much improved during your abſence. I have taken ſome pains with her; and it appears my trouble has not been thrown away. You know ſhe is to be the wife of my ſon, and I wiſh to form her on a certain model."

" I am afraid that model will never ſuit your grave ſon, my Lord," ſaid De la St. Laurent; " he would prefer, if I am not greatly miſtaken in his character, a wife more after the model of the Baroneſs."

" Do you think ſo?" aſked the Baron dryly. Here they were interrupted by the entrance of the Baroneſs and Madame Lindorn, who had been on ſome charitable viſits: both theſe excellent women were happy to find De la St. Laurent returned; and all extolled the improvement of the lovely Julia.

Before the departure of De la St. Laurent, the Baron had been but too conſcious of the budding charms of his beauteous ward; and thoſe careſſes which, in her infantine years, gave him no alarm, now that ſhe was grown to woman's eſtate cauſed in him ſuch ſenſations, as fully explained

explained they could no longer be continued with that purity a man of honour would think neceſſary to obſerve in his conduct to the daughter of his deareſt friend, an orphan, and under his protection. Thoſe ties which ought to bind even the moſt profligate of mankind, were nothing when put in competition with the Baron's pleaſures: the latter heavily out-weighed the former; and, to crown his paſſion with the wiſhed-for end, was the ſole occupation of his mind. There is a tormenting conſciouſneſs of guilt attendant on a baſe and wicked action, that even the moſt depraved will feel. The Baron felt it, and felt it ſo much, that he wiſhed to keep the knowledge of it to himſelf; not even his confident and favourite De la St. Laurent, it was thought proper to be entruſted to. He had for

ſome time watched the diſpoſition of Julia with peculiar care, and there found the ſeeds of vanity thickly ſown: he began his inſidious arts by flattering her whenever he found her alone, for which he ſought all opportunities—he praiſed her beauty, wit, and her knowledge in muſic, of which ſhe was extremely fond. He began by degrees to wean her affections from her play-fellow Salvador, and took every occaſion to ridicule and find fault with the puny melancholy boy, as he called him. He then would lead her to contemplate his own perfections; tell her it was now time for her to think of love; that, as his beloved daughter, he wiſhed her to be perfect; that women without ſentiment, ſenſibility and animation, were the moſt inſipid animals in the world: that he wiſhed to fit her to ſhine at court, now that ſhe was grown

ſo

ſo much a woman. He would then take her to the glaſs; tell her ſhe was ten thouſand times handſomer than the Baroneſs, Madame Lindorn, or any woman he had ever ſeen: then he would artfully praiſe both the Baroneſs and Madame Lindorn; but ſay they were ſo grave, that they would ſcold him heartily for talking ſo to ſuch a child. Candour, De la St. Laurent had early taught Julia not to think a virtue; ſhe accuſtomed her to have ſecrets, and act a double part: ſhe was one thing to the Baroneſs, and another to the Baron: ſhe had been long in the habit of deceit, but with ſuch appearance of innocence, that the Baroneſs has preſſed her to her heart, at the moment ſhe was groſsly deceiving her; for it is moſt true, that thoſe we highly regard, we never ſuſpect of actions we are not capable of ourſelves.

ſelves. The innocent amiable child could not err: the Baroneſs and Madame Lindorn gave her the beſt example; and they thought they had inſtilled into her young mind all that could make her virtuous and religious. A thouſand anecdotes were related to them daily by the artful De la Laurent, ſhewing Julia's uncommon innocence and childiſhneſs, while at the ſame time ſhe impreſſed her with the abſolute neceſſity of her ſupporting that appearance to them. This early trained her young heart to deceit; and the Baron's leſſons did all the reſt. Thus, by degrees, he gained her entire affections, yet taught her to keep it a profound ſecret from every one; to pretend the ſtrongeſt attachment to Salvador, and to uſe every precaution to keep the Baroneſs in ignorance of her real ſentiments.

About

About this time Zoderiſki returned from the Caſtle of Leichenſtein. Juli had attained her fifteenth year, and the Baron burned with a paſſion too violent to be borne. He conſulted Zoderiſki, who begged a few days to conſider of it. Zoderiſki hated the Baroneſs; ſhe had offended him by wiſhing his diſcharge from the ſervice of his Lord; and he reſolved to be revenged. This was the moment to ſatiate his long meditated deſtruction of the moſt amiable of women; and he pondered well in what manner he ſhould beſt accompliſh it. After two days conſideration, he determined upon her death by poiſon; but how to reconcile the Baron, was the queſtion.

When the time for deliberation was expired, the Baron, all impatience, ſaw with delight Zoderiſki enter his cloſet. "Well,"

ſaid he, "what is is to be done?" Zoderiſki appeared in trouble.—"It was an affair of ſuch moment, and the ſin ſo very heinous, that he did not wiſh to be concerned in it. The world would cry ſhame upon the man who could ſeduce a lovely child, placed under his immediate protection and care; an orphan too, without a ſingle relative to ſtand up the champion of injured innocence—it is a deed, my Lord, that Zoderiſki ſhrinks at—he begs to be excuſed—he cannot offer any plan, it goes ſo much againſt his conſcience."—The Baron, highly diſappointed, damned him for a fool, and, laying his hand on the ſhoulder of this agent of foul deeds, "Julia, Julia ſhall be mine! By Heaven and earth ſhe ſhall—Therefore, on your life, ſpeak not another word againſt it.

Preach

Preach not your muſty rules to me—my life depends upon it!"

"The Baroneſs, my Lord," ſaid Zoderiſki—— "Damn, damn her!" furiouſly exclaimed the Baron—"Would ſhe were dead!"

"While ſhe lives," ſaid Zoderiſki, "you cannot, muſt not think of Julia."

"Then ſhe ſhall die, by Heaven!" replied the Baron.

"You ſurely do not mean to murder her, though you are tired of her," ſaid Zoderiſki.

"By ſlow and gentle poiſon ſhe dies—I have reſolved upon it!"

"Have you well weighed the point, my Lord?"—"I have," replied the Baron.

"And yet, methinks, you married her for love.—Will you not hate the Lady Julia alſo?"

"After a little time perhaps I may," rejoined the Baron: "at preſent I love her; and all the powers above, and thoſe on earth combined, ſhall not prevent the ſcheme I have in view from taking effect."

"The Lady Julia is the paragon of beauty, rich in all that man can hope to find in woman."

"Rich!" repeated the Baron, in raptures—

"Claſp'd in the folds of love, I'll meet my doom,
"And act my joys, tho' thunder ſhakes the room!"

As he repeated this, he quitted the apartment, and left the aſtoniſhed Zoderiſki to ſoliloquize upon the happy turn things had taken.

"Thou art a very paragon of wickedneſs, by Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You throw your elder brother into priſon—feed him in a dungeon on bread and water—

riot

riot on his paternal property, in all the luxury of a prince—carry off by force beauty and innocence from fathers, lovers, friends; and, when your luſtful paſſion is no longer to be gratified by poſſeſſion, you doom them to perpetual impriſonment, leſt your foul deeds, being blazoned, might draw down on your head the vengeance due. The murder of your wife is then your next reſolve; and after that the ſeduction and ruin of the orphan, whoſe father was thy friend! Ah, Zoderiſki! thou art an infant in wickedneſs compared to this brave champion! By all that's good, he ſoars in ſin as much above his faithful Zoderiſki, as Belzebub above the moſt inferior petty fiend in all his hoſt.—'Tis well, I trow—Come, come, this goes right, and my revenge will be complete, without

my having one more ſin to anſwer for. Thanks, good Baron, thou haſt ſaved my conſcience many a twitch in this affair.— To come ſo very readily into the very plan I had marked out, which I intended with ſo much caution, and with ſuch recommendatory arguments to make palatable— by Saint Jago it paſſes my moſt ſanguine expectation! His quick and fiery paſſions cannot bear controul. I knew I hit upon the very mode to take a haſty reſolution— impatient of reſtraint, he ever madly ruſhes on impetuouſly, regardleſs of the conſequence. But ſtop, good Mr. Zoderiſki, doſt thou pretend to rail at him thou mouldeſt to thy purpoſe; at him who often in the maze thou planteſt for him, gets ſo entangled, thy aid alone can ſet him free? Thou, Zoderiſki, art a moſt admirable fellow,

low, thus to bring about all thy ſchemes without as much as ſeeming to be pleaſed at their accompliſhments."

The Baron returned to his cloſet, juſt as his creature had finiſhed this ſoliloquy.

" What, ſtill here!—Art thou compoſing a ſermon, or an epitaph on thy lady?—If the latter, you may take your time. I am about to manage every thing with ſuch precaution, the art of man ſhall not be able to diſcover it. Thou knoweſt, Zoderiſki, I am a chymiſt——Villain, be ſecret, and pocket this," throwing him a purſe. " Go to ſome vender of medicine, and purchaſe theſe materials; let it be at a part of the town thou art not known in—I do not chooſe myſelf to buy thoſe trifles—Away, and tarry not."

As Zoderiſki ſhut the door, the Baron pauſed a moment—" What am I about to

" do?

do?" ſaid he: "by this hour to-morrow I give a draught that ſhall inſinuate itſelf into every vital part, and ſlowly conſume the vigour of exiſtence. To whom do I adminiſter it?——a wife—a wife too good for Leichenſtein. They talk of a future world, of rewards and puniſhments; but, in the mind of Leichenſtein, theſe are idle fancies: if there is a God, why has he ſuffered me to live and triumph over thoſe who look up to him only for all? I deny him, yet I thrive; all I can wiſh is mine. I riot at my eaſe—pleaſure is the god I worſhip—Julia the preſent goddeſs I adore, and Iſabel muſt die!—Away, dull thought! —when age comes on, we die, and are at peace. Julia, Julia!—Oh! Julia, one impaſſioned look from thee is worth ten thouſand Iſabels. When ſhall I claſp thee to my

my beating heart—when revel on thy matchleſs charms?"

A rap at his cloſet-door now rouzed him from his dream of happineſs; it was Madame Lindorn come to acquaint him with much alarm, that the Baroneſs was ſuddenly taken ill. The Baron ſtarted! but aſſuming in his air and manner the utmoſt diſtreſs, recovered from the ſurprize ſo opportune an illneſs threw him into. "My Iſabel!" he exclaimed. "Ill! did you ſay, Madam?—ill!—Oh! Heavens—ſend, I beſeech you, inſtantly for help—let all the aſſiſtance Berlin can afford be called to aid my Iſabel." He flew to the apartment of the Baroneſs, and there appeared ſo much affected and diſtreſſed, that De la St. Laurent was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. Well, thought ſhe, wives have a tie upon the affections of their huſbands, guilty paſſion

paſſion never holds. Could I believe he loved her ſo!

The arrival of the phyſician called off her attention: ſhe ſtill had ſecret longings to be rid of the Baroneſs, to be at the head of ſuch a fortune, at leaſt to be the prime counſellor of the Baron.—Oh! what charms in the bare idea!

The learned Doctor, after eloquently commenting on, and pointing out the riſe and progreſs of the malady of his patient—the fatal conſequences that might have enſued, had not immediate help been called—and modeſtly glancing at his celebrity, proteſted before the whole family collected in the anti-chamber, that his opinion was, that his patient, under his ſingle care, would ſoon be reſtored to perfect health, if no new alarming ſymptom ſhould occur. The Baron ſuffered him

not

not to ſay another word: this was the point to leave things at. He took him off, as if to queſtion him more narrowly. When they were alone, he artfully expreſſed ſuch doubts and fears, at the ſame time for his own reaſons preſenting an enormous fee to induce him to ſpeak freely his opinion of the angel Iſabel. The phyſician, ſurpriſed at his liberality, made it a point of conſcience to relieve ſuch evident diſtreſs; and candidly confeſſed he did not think the Lady Baroneſs in the leaſt danger, ſhould no alarming ſymptom make its appearance.

"Ah! there," ſaid the Baron, "there is what I fear!"

"We muſt hope the beſt, my Lord. I ſhall ſend ſome powders to be taken about eight o'clock, which, I make no doubt,

doubt, will perfectly reſtore your beauteous lady."

"Ah!" ſaid the Baron, ſqueezing the hand of the Doctor, and at the ſame time applying a well-perfumed handkerchief to his eyes, "her beauty is the leaſt of her perfections—her mind, Doctor—there ſhe exceeds as much the generality of women, as her face ſurpaſſes the homelieſt of her ſex."

"All Berlin ſpeaks her worth," replied the man of ſkill.

"It is unparallelled," rejoined the Baron; "and, ſhould I loſe her"——Here he wrung the Doctor's hand ſo much, according to the ſtrong feelings of his tortured ſoul, that this good ſon of Æſculapius muſt have thought a better or more tender huſband than the Baron no where could be

be found. With theſe ſentiments the good Doctor took his leave, highly pleaſed with the magnitude of his fee. That he left the Baron in an equally pleaſed mood is not ſo very certain: his hopes of his *angel Iſabel* being attacked with a fatal malady was no more; beſides, this famous Doctor, who had the reputation of ſometimes hitting on a cure, ſeemed, by the trifling preſcription he had ordered, to believe a day or two would reſtore the Baroneſs to her wonted health and ſtrength; he therefore thought the preſent time the beſt. "Did not the Doctor ſay, if no ill ſymptom ſhould come on—well done! that reſervation gives me room to work upon!"

Zoderiſki now returned, and, entering the Baron's cloſet, delivered to him his commiſſion but too well executed. As he reached out his hand to receive it, Zoderiſki

riſki thought he ſaw a waſhy colour ſpreading o'er his face; nay, that the hand he touched was moiſt, and that it trembled. "The Baroneſs is ill, my Lord—perhaps"——"Peace!" interrupted the Baron. Zoderiſki bowed and retired. Lanſtan met him juſt as he ſhut the cloſet door—they paſſed without ſpeaking. Whether conſcience ſuggeſted the thought or not, but Zoderiſki fancied his fellow-ſervant caſt upon him a ſuſpicious eye. "I am not watched, am I," ſaid he to himſelf, "by that hypocritical knave?—how much it would ſuit me to ſend him after his dear Lady, to keep her company in that long journey ſhe ſhall ſo ſoon ſet out on!"

The Baroneſs very ſhortly recovered from the illneſs which had alarmed the Baron ſo much; but from the effects of the doſe prepared

prepared and adminiſtered by her Lord and huſband——never——

The miſery and pungent ſorrow of the amiable Salvador and Madame Lindorn at the death of this firſt of women, has been already deſcribed. In this place we are only to attend to the Baron and Julia. When the funeral rites were over, the Baron felt himſelf once more unmarried, and at liberty; but too well ſkilled in the art of diſſembling, to ſuffer his inward ſatisfaction to appear: on the contrary, his viſage bore all the proper marks of ſorrow and affliction; not even to Julia did he ſeem himſelf. He even talked of death: grief ſuch as his was not to be aſſuaged. Julia herſelf was grieved; ſhe wept and was ſincerely ſorry, which taught the Baron how to conduct himſelf. However, in conſoling

ſoling her, the grief of both relaxed; an as a feigned character is always troubl ſome, the Baron after a decent time r gained his uſual flow of ſpirits. And no De la St. Laurent began to point her ba teries, and fix herſelf at the head of a domeſtic affairs. Madame Lindorn w even given to underſtand that her preſenc would be diſpenſed with, and De la S Laurent became the female guardian of th youthful Julia. Salvador was all the Baro had now to fear. This innocent, virtuou ſenſible youth kept him in awe.——Suc are thy charms, O Virtue! though th vicious rail at thee, they cannot look upo thy votaries without a bluſhing cheek without a conſciouſneſs of inferiority tha raiſes all their baleful paſſions into hate.

About this time the Baron was agitate in the utmoſt perplexity, unknowing how

to act, when the opportune death of the old Baron De Montbelliard made it neceſſary that Salvador ſhould abſent himſelf from Berlin, to take poſſeſſion of thoſe vaſt eſtates bequeathed him by his maternal uncle. When he took his final leave, the Baron could ſcarcely contain his joy: he was now maſter of himſelf—he felt ſo—yet Zoderiſki was the only perſon privy to his ſcheme on Julia. Julia herſelf was ignorant of it, though ſhe participated but too much in thoſe ſenſations which he on every occaſion appeared to feel, but that words cannot expreſs. She loved the handſome Baron with all the madneſs of a girl; her morals by degrees he had corrupted; uſed her to a certain ſtyle of looſe indecent talk, and had often, even before the deceaſe of the Baroneſs, raiſed her paſſions to ſuch a pitch, nothing but opportunity

opportunity was wanting to ſeal her doom.

The Baron had long indulged De la St. Laurent in all the luxuries of the table, and gave her a taſte for wine, the better to afford him that liberty with Julia he yet feared ſhe ſhould even have a ſuſpicion of. The very night of the morn on which Salvador departed for Montbelliard, was that fixed upon for Julia's downfall; and, under pretence of keeping up her ſpirits in the abſence of her lover, the day was paſſed with the greateſt hilarity. The gaiety of dreſs was not neglected by the Baron; nay, Julia made her toilet with more than uſual care, and ſhone in double beauty. The maddened Baron pledged De la St. Laurent ſo often, ſhe ſoon ſunk on a couch inſenſible to all. In ſleep profound the leaden god had wrapt her ſenſes, leaving her charge

charge open to the insidious arts of villainy, at a moment when youth, with high-raised passions, was not a match for the experienced debauchee. Zoderiski took care of all the domestics; and the Baron led Julia, nothing loth, to the room prepared by his order.——Thus fell Julia, at the age of sixteen—fell a sacrifice to the man whose duty it was, even with his life, to protect her. A few days after, they set off on a tour of pleasure, prior to the journey to Paris, which was the cause of their being a week later than their appointment to meet Salvador.

The happiness and exultation of the Baron, threw him several times off his guard in the presence of De la St. Laurent, and called up suspicions which, by attentively watching their frequent communications by looks and sighs, were confirmed.

Her eyes being thus opened, ſhe roundly taxed the Baron, who at firſt tried to laugh her out of the idea; but ſhe, delighted that ſhe had gained a certain and ſtrong tie upon him, by holding over his head this grand ſecret, was not thus to be put off, and was ſo ſerious, that he found it impoſſible to keep her longer in ignorance. He therefore, with the true touchſtone to moſt conſciences, gold, made it her intereſt not only to keep his ſecret, but to help him in his future viſits to Julia, and to impreſs on her thoſe leſſons for their mutual ſafety, ſhe knew ſo well how to inculcate.

Their journey to Paris was delightful: they were now under no reſtraint; and, could Salvador have been diſpoſed of, nothing would be wanting to complete their felicity. But the freedom that ſubſiſted between

between Julia and Salvador, drove the Baron to diſtraction: though in full poſſeſſion of her charms, yet jealouſy, that baleful ſting that mars all earthly bliſs, preyed on his ſoul, and harrowed up his heart. Time, however, in ſome meaſure, did away theſe feelings; and, during their reſidence in England, they became ſo incautious in their connexion, that Dermandoft at laſt diſcovered it, acquainted Mr. Melham, and, during Salvador's illneſs, took him to that chamber, to which they afterwards conducted Salvador, where they witneſſed the Baron's baſeneſs and Julia's infidelity.

Nothing could be more dreadful than the Baron's feelings on this diſcovery; all the ſhame of his detected guilt came full upon him: the voice of the world, which, rather than a proper ſenſe of right and

wrong, influences many; and the fear of being proclaimed villain, backed with the poſitive demands of Salvador and Melham, induced him to comply with this forced marriage, which was the greateſt ſacrifice he could make, as his paſſion for Julia now became languid, and his thoughts to waver to Mariena. Julia was but too ſoon ſenſible that ſhe was become a burden to the man who, but a very little before, ſhe thought was hers for ever; the man to whom ſhe ſacrificed her honour, and forfeited all pretenſions to that female virtue that exalts the ſex, the loſs of which is irreparable. Him now ſhe found cold, diſcomfited, and every way changed; the ardent, inſinuating lover transformed to the moroſe, ill-tempered, tyrannical huſband, upbraiding her with her infamy, and threatening to lock her up for life, to pre-

vent

vent her playing him the ſame game again with the firſt man that ſhould be at the trouble of flattering her vanity, by telling her ſhe was handſome, and a muſician— "For you know," ſaid he, "I found you apt, and neither coy nor difficult to win." Julia's high ſpirit could ill brook ſuch treatment; and, by thoſe upbraidings and taunts, her violent love was converted into the ſtrongeſt hatred. She, however, diſſembled, and artfully concealed the workings of her ſoul, reſolving to do herſelf ample juſtice, and quit him for the firſt handſome cavalier ſhe ſhould find inclined.

Upon their arrival at Paris, the Baron, to diſſipate thought, launched out into the utmoſt extremity of diſſipation: he hired a moſt magnificent hotel; diſplayed the gayeſt equipage; and ſhone the brighteſt in high meridian ſplendor. Julia again

became the admiration of the Pariſians, which for a little time gratified his vanity: every man envied him the poſſeſſion of ſo much beauty, elegance, and wit; and his houſe was the conſtant reſort of the world of faſhion, all emulous to pay their court to the beauteous, blooming bride. In the midſt of this gay career, the Baron ſoon conſoled himſelf with a new amour; and, in the mean time, Julia was not idle. Alarmed by the moſt cruel inſults, and, in his fits of rage and jealouſy, repeated threats of locking her up for life, ſhe ſeized an opportunity of decamping with a favoured gallant. It was about three months from their arrival in Paris, on the Baron's return home, after an abſence of two days with his new favourite, when, inquiring for Julia, he was told ſhe was abroad: he felt himſelf indiſpoſed, and reſolved

reſolved to ſtay at home all that day. The hours of dinner and ſupper paſſed without bringing any tidings of Julia; and De la St. Laurent was in the greateſt conſternation. She had the ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions, without any real information, that ſhe had eloped with ſome one of thoſe gay ſeducers that in crowds continually hovered round her. She was ſtruck with inconceivable horror at the idea of loſing Julia, who had conſtantly and moſt liberally ſupplied her with money; and ſhe plainly ſaw an end to her conſequence in the family of Leichenſtein: nay, even her diſmiſſal ſhe conceived was not far off.

The Baron, as ſoon as he had no hopes of Julia's return, ſtormed like a madman; for though his love had for ſome time ceaſed, yet his pride was hurt that ſhe ſhould prefer any other to him. De la St.

Laurent injudiciouſly tried, in the midſt of his tranſports, to pacify his wrath.—"Perhaps my Lady is taken ill."—"Perhaps!—perhaps, Madam Devil!" ſaid the Baron in a rage—"perhaps were you to take yourſelf off after your Lady, I ſhould get rid of two of the moſt infamous diabolical ſhefiends in all Paris; and perhaps," repeated he, ſtamping with his foot, "if you do not inſtantly rid me of your baleful ſight, I ſhall have you up before to-morrow morning in the Baſtille." She now threw herſelf on her knees, entreated his pardon, and begged he would not think of diſmiſſing her—ſhe had no friend—her dear Lady was gone ſhe knew not whither—her ſmall ſalary never would ſupport her—ſhe had in the world no friend but his Lordſhip.

The

The Baron, during this ſupplicating petition, was walking above the room totally regardleſs—indeed it is doubtful if he heard a ſingle ſyllable of the appeal; but in one of his turns he beheld, for the firſt time, the ſuppliant on her knees; when aſking her, with a ſtern countenance, Did ſhe wiſh to get herſelf into the Baſtille, for aiding and abetting her Lady to run from the protection of her huſband? that if ſhe did not, ſhe would do as ſhe was ordered, and quit his houſe that moment. Still De la St. Laurent heſitated; when the Baron ringing, ordered two of his footmen to take charge of that woman to the ſtreet; and that if ſhe remained that night under his roof, he would find a mode of puniſhing that perſon who, in harbouring her, ſhould dare to diſobey his orders. Poor De la St. Laurent ſuddenly found

herſelf, degraded from all her honours and dignities, the inhabitant of the Rue ——, at twelve o'clock at night, without literally knowing whither to go, or where to ſeek for ſhelter. However, ſhe fortunately ſaw paſſing a *fiacre* empty; ſhe got into it, and was driven to Monſieur le Comte de Santerre's, in whoſe family lived an intimate acquaintance of hers; and ſhe reſolved to beg to be allowed to remain under her protection, until ſhe could provide creditably for herſelf. As ſhe rode along, ſhe contemplated the viciſſitudes of life: all her gay proſpects were clouded; ſhe curſed the Baron in the bitterneſs of her heart—curſed Julia, and herſelf for not, while in her power, rendering herſelf independent of them. Theſe bitter railings at her ill-fortune and diſappointment brought her to the gate of Monſieur le Comte de Santerre.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure—
But woman! no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never cloſe!

MOORE.

JULIA had got many leagues from Paris, at the hour we left the Baron, as we have ſeen, almoſt diſtracted at her loſs. Whence thoſe violent ſenſations could have originated, appears moſt unaccountable, as certainly his love for her had totally ſubſided; and he had entered upon a new paſſion with ſo much ardour, that the very name

of Julia became diſguſtful to him. But ſtill he dreaded her knowledge of his preſent attachment; and when ſhe fled, he was almoſt inſane. Such was the inconſiſtent conduct of the Baron. Zoderiſki was hurried hither and thither a thouſand different ways, to gain intelligence; but all to no purpoſe—the Baron's agitation and diſtreſs appeared to him a perfect myſtery. —" He loves her ſtill—it is too plain he does!" ejaculated he, as he ran every where to make inquiries. At length returning, without the leaſt ſucceſs, he found the Baron quite unlike himſelf—his furious rage had ſubſided, and a melancholy taken place of his former frenzy. Zoderiſki was confounded—he could make nothing of it: however, after a few days, his Lord opened his mind to him. "I am ruined, Zoderiſki," ſaid he, ſtriking his forehead, "I

am

am ruined!"—"Ruined!" ſaid Zoderiſki, turning pale, "how?—which way?—— What does my Lord mean?—not ruined ſurely——I cannot comprehend." "I have loſt," ſaid the Baron, "a prodigious ſum of money to the Duc de ———, and Julia has taken off with her a ſum I intended for the payment of it. My honour is concerned—I have literally no means of raiſing the money—and what is to be done?"

"I thought my Lord had generally been very ſucceſsful at play," ſaid Zoderiſki.

"I have not been a winner a ſingle night ſince I came laſt to Paris."

"Not a ſingle night, my Lord!"

"No, not a ſingle night!"

"Do you ſuſpect foul play?"

"That

" That is nothing now to the purpoſe. Get ready directly, and ſet off to my eſtates forthwith——the money muſt be got."

" How ſoon your ſon could ſerve you now!" ſaid Zoderiſki.

" D—n it——but for him"——

" Pray, my Lord," interrupted Zoderiſki, " give me leave to aſk you, in caſe of his death, are not the eſtates of Montbelliard to be yours?"

" They are," replied the Baron, muſingly.

" Becauſe—" ſaid Zoderiſki——

" Keep your ſchemes until you return," ſaid the Baron; " a moment is not to be loſt——Vile devil!——my money—jewels—all gone—the prey of this vile woman—perhaps to be laviſhed on ſome luſtful paramour!" His agitation, as he traverſed his room alone, beſpoke the anguiſh of his ſoul.

ſoul. At length a letter from Madame De L———, his preſent favourite, broke in upon his horrors; and, with as ſmooth a brow as his feelings would admit, he dreſſed and waited on her.

Julia, whoſe loſs of principle was prior to that of her honour, was not long in making choice of a lover. On her arrival at Paris, ſhe might juſtly have boaſted of having the whole Court of France in her train; but, according to the ſecret reſolution ſhe had taken, of quitting the Baron as ſpeedily as ſhe could, ſhe attached herſelf to a man likely to ſuit her purpoſe. Her high ſpirit could not patiently ſubmit to the taunts and ill-treatment of the Baron: ſhe bore them, however, without complaint, nay, with apparent ſubmiſſion and reſignation, though her temper was haſty and violent: ſhe felt the injuries ſhe received

too

too much, to reſent them in any other way than by quitting him for ever. The Count De Verment was at that time the very point of every thing that was admired, but a perfect libertine in principle, with a moſt depraved heart. Senſibility and liberality he had heard of, but they formed no part of his compoſition; ſelf was his only conſideration; and he conceived that all the world would have been but properly employed in contributing to his pleaſure. He had, at the age of ſeven-and-twenty, ſquandered away at play, and every idle extravagance and diſſipation, his whole paternal property, though he was conſidered by all his acquaintance and the world in general to have a ſuperb fortune; he contrived, on credit, for the laſt year to keep up his eſtabliſhment; but at the time his acquaintance with Julia commenced,

menced, he had doubts of being able to keep his real ſituation much longer a ſecret. He liked Julia's perſon; and as the Baron, her Lord, appeared to be extravagantly fond of her, he took the generous reſolution of depriving him of his lovely wife. To this end, he uſed every art for the ſeduction, as he thought, of innocence and purity, and, in a ſhort time, was ſo fortunate as to prevail on her to ſet off with him to Turin.

Julia's fortune had been a large one—the Baron her ſole guardian; and he took care to apply it to his own purpoſes. Julia therefore thought ſhe might juſtly return the compliment, and appropriate to her uſe whatever property of his ſhe could lay hold of. The night before her departure, ſhe contrived to eaſe him of a ſum of money large enough to ſet De Verment at eaſe, beſides

beſides all her own jewels, and thoſe of the late Baroneſs—in all, to the amount of ſeventy thouſand pounds ſterling. To this robbery is to be attributed a great part of De Verment's felicity in the attainment of his wiſhes: though Julia did not diſcover to him the full amount of her wealth, ſhe wiſhed to withhold a reſerve. The Baron's treatment taught her a leſſon ſhe was reſolved to profit by, and not again truſt too much to faithleſs man. The jewels ſhe ſet apart for herſelf, in caſe De Verment ſhould not prove what his ſanguine profeſſions promiſed, though ſhe had every reaſon for the preſent to be ſatisfied. He was lively, and was really charmed with her agreeable vivacity: ſhe was ſo happy as to fix his wavering fancy, and he gave himſelf up to an exceſs of love—they lived but for each other; and

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De Verment devoted every moment of his time to a woman ſo rich in beauty, wit, and *money*. They took ſuch precautions as prevented all poſſibility of being traced; and, after he had placed her in ſafety, he returned to Paris; appeared conſtantly in public; and did not go back to Turin, till the Baron had quitted Paris for Berlin. They then were in ſafety—had nothing to fear—in the midſt of the pleaſures of one of the moſt celebrated cities in Italy for beauty. The Strada de Po, and the Strada Dora Groſſa, ſtruck Julia, as ſhe paſſed them, as the fineſt ſtreets in the world: had ſhe compared them with ſome ſhe had ſeen in London, they would have loſt much by the compariſon; but De Verment was the mirror that reflected all objects to Julia—ſhe could ſee nothing as it really was.

The

The following day after their arrival, they viſited the ſtair-caſe and ſaloon in the Château cloſe to the Royal Palace; and confeſſed there was nothing at Verſailles equal to them, not even the gallery. They viſited Moncaglia, and were in raptures with the palace. "Was there ever ſuch a view?" ſaid Julia, as ſhe leaned on the arm of De Verment. "What a river is the Po!—never do I wiſh to leave its banks; here, foſtered in the boſom of retirement, would I turn ſhepherdeſs, and live upon love.——What ſays my dear De Verment? will he give up the world for his Julia, and paſs his days in the ſweet ſcenes of Piedmont?" "Yes," ſaid De Verment, "when I ſhow my Julia, and make half mankind turn hermits in deſpair at not being able to gain her pity, we will

will then, my love, retire, and turn Arcadians.

" Here will we ſit upon the rocks,
" And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks
" By ſhallow rivers; to whoſe falls
" Melodious birds ſing madrigals."

" Upon the bare and leafleſs oak,
" The ring-doves' wooings will provoke
" A colder blood than you poſſeſs,
" To play with me, and do no leſs."

De Verment, who had languiſhed for new joys even at Verſailles; who thought the Court of France heavy and inſipid, that its pleaſures had no luſtre; and where he was abſolutely dying of *ennui*—found that of Sardinia all his moſt delighted nature could deſire. Such are the revolutions brought about by love and intereſt; for of all the Courts of Europe there was ſcarcely one to be found leſs adapted to the

the licentious and diſſipated De Verment. When a connexion ſubſiſts between two people of different ſexes, whoſe principles are ſimilar, and who are equally guided by vicious paſſions, it is not to be wondered at, that one or both, after the novelty wears off, ſhould wiſh to change. The virtuous Court of Sardinia firſt became obnoxious to De Verment; and Julia alſo, as ſhe began to feel indifference for him, railed at the monſtrous ſtupidity of all around, and propoſed a tour to Venice. De Verment, reſolved on quitting her, had ſettled his plan. Accordingly, he feigned a double portion of attachment and regard, and, with all the warmth of the moſt ardent lover, ſwore nothing within his ability ſhould be wanting to fill up her every hour with all ſhe could deſire. "Shall we," ſaid he, "give a charming

charming gala, ere we leave Turin? Exert yourſelf, my love, that we may leave our friends with *éclat.*" Julia was much pleaſed with the arrangement, and preparations were made accordingly. After the *fête*, which paſſed off in a moſt incomparable manner, ſhe left him, to take a few hours repoſe before they ſet off; but De Verment ſaid he would not ſleep, as he had ſome letters to write, which the hurry of company theſe laſt few days had prevented his attending to. The moment Julia was ſunk in ſleep, De Verment went to her cabinet, the key of which the day before he had obtained through artifice, and took from thence all her treaſure, which, as ſhe thought, ſhe had kept a profound ſecret from him, but nevertheleſs he had had ſome ſuſpicion of. As ſoon as he had completely rifled it, and

was

was in full poſſeſſion of its contents, he called his gentleman, and gave him a letter for Madame De Verment, deſiring her to wait his return, which could not be till late the following day, and hoping ſhe would not be diſappointed at their journey being poſtponed till the next. He then diſmiſſed his weary domeſtic, overcome with ſleep and fatigue, who that moment retired to reſt.

De Verment had every thing prepared, and inſtantly ſet off with all expedition for Paris, where he longed to appear the pattern of faſhion, with finances ſo improved, that he was able to pay off his preſſing creditors, and begin again a new ſcore.

Julia, exhauſted from the agreeable pleaſures of the foregoing day and night, did not awake until noon, when ſhe rang her bell: her woman preſented her with the

the Count's letter, which, after reading, ſhe threw down, and felt relieved that ſhe was not that day to ſet out for Venice. She deſired to be left alone for another hour, at which time ſhe would have breakfaſt. The day thus indolently paſſed; and when night approached, ſhe wondered the Count was not returned; but ſome company coming in, particularly a German Officer, of whom the frail Julia became a good deal enamoured, the thought of what had detained the once-charming De Verment never intruded itſelf. All that night her thoughts were wholly occupied by this ſon of Mars, who alſo made his appearance the following day. Lulled by this new paſſion, the abſence of De Verment did not awaken either the alarm or uneaſineſs of Julia. The ſecond day ſhe began to think it very ſtrange: ſhe ſent to make

inquiries, and was certain ſome accident muſt have happened, yet felt relieved at his abſence, though of his return ſhe made no doubt. The German Officer found the means of conſoling her, and actually propoſed her making the journey to Venice with him. Though this propoſal was very agreeable, yet ſhe did not chooſe all at once to agree to it, without knowing ſomething more of her new favourite: however ſhe did not entirely put him off. That evening they were to meet at a party where ſhe knew there would be high play; and having occaſion to repleniſh her purſe, ſhe for that purpoſe opened her cabinet: but what was her diſmay, on ſeeing every thing in confuſion, and all her treaſures gone!—the ſhock almoſt deprived her of life. The Count's abſence was now eaſily accounted for, and beggary and want

ſtared

red her in the face. She ſtood motion-
s—the blood forſook her cheeks—they
ught the diſmal colouring of her ſoul;
r ſenſes were almoſt annihilated, and,
hile in this ſituation, the German Officer
rived at her door. The hour paſſing,
hen ſhe had appointed to meet him at
gnora Capriata's, he became uneaſy, and
ſt his party to inquire after her. Her
oman found her in this ſtate of ſad diſ-
action; but, being rouſed by her pre-
nce, ſhe ſaid ſhe had been ſuddenly
ken ill, and came to ſearch for ſome
rops which ſhe could not find, and had
ink into a chair, ſo much overcome that
e was unable to ring for her aſſiſtance.
he Abigail, who really was a good-na-
red ſoul, was much alarmed, and totally
rgot her errand in her fears, until Julia
quired the cauſe of her coming.—Did

ſhe ſuſpect her being ill?" "No," ſhe anſwered; but ſhe had forgot to ſay the German Officer was below, and begged to know did ſhe not intend going to Signora Capriata's; that he had been there, much company was aſſembled, and that it promiſed to be very brilliant. Julia ordered him to be ſhewn up, and, locking her empty cabinet, reſolved to keep her misfortunes to herſelf, and, ſhould he now preſs a tour to Venice, to comply. This arrangement was ſettled by the time the Officer made his *entrée*; and Julia looking indiſpoſed, and ſaying ſhe had been taken ill on the inſtant ſhe was going to the fête, he was all alarm for her ſafety. A tender ſcene then enſued; and he, after ſome entreaty, prevailed upon her to comply, ere the Count returned, to immediately quit Turin, and throw herſelf into the protection

tion of him who never would desert her. She agreed, provided it was done secretly; for there were some demands upon the Count which Julia did not seem inclined to answer: indeed it was now totally out of her power; for she was a very beggar, stripped of nearly all but her wardrobe and a few baubles that would not support her a month. She suspected the German was poor; yet he had something to subsist upon, and she resolved to share it. The thing was now, how to decamp without suspicion; and it was determined she should tell her woman that the Count's carriage had been overset, by which he had broken his leg, and that her presence was necessary to attend him; and, as she probably would make some stay, she should take her cloaths with her. All was packed and ready by the following

evening, and ſhe privately betook herſelf to the place appointed by her eager lover, exulting in the acquiſition of ſo much wealth and beauty; and they inſtantly ſet off in the higheſt raptures, on his part, for Venice.

It was now Julia's worldly diſtreſſes commenced. Prior to this, ſhe knew not the want of luxury and profuſion. Before ſhe reached Venice, ſhe found the man ſhe had choſen a mere adventurer, whoſe principal attachment originated in her wealth, of which he had heard from her own valet, who, by his order, and being a participator in the game, had hired with the Count De Verment, to procure intelligence, and, by his adroitneſs, to make ſure of either the Count by play, or the charming Julia by love. The truſty valet ſoon diſcovered ſhe was the fountain from whence all flowed; and the wily German reſolved

reſolved to turn the ſtream into his own baſon.

At Lodi, Julia began firſt to ſuſpect how matters really were: they arrived at that town the night of terminating the opera ſeaſon of the fair; and ſhe propoſed going to the Opera. She wiſhed to ſee the Archduke and Archducheſs: he made no objection; but, when ſhe was dreſſed, he aſked her why ſhe did not dreſs more ſplendidly? "You will find every woman who has jewels, wear them; as they all make it a point to diſplay as brilliant an appearance as they can." Julia ſaid, as ſhe was a foreigner and a traveller, ſhe appeared as ſuited her inclination, and her ſtay being ſo ſhort at Lodi, ſhe wiſhed not to be noticed. He did not preſs her farther; but her evident confuſion betrayed to him the ſecret. He tried to ſtifle his

chagrin, but the effort failed. Julia too plainly ſaw it; and no two lovers, cloyed with long poſſeſſion, could feel more apathy than inſtantly ſtruck this ſo late amorous pair, upon the mutual diſcovery of their blaſted hopes. The German's purſe was low, ſo very much ſo, that he had had ſerious thoughts of making ſome excuſe, and obtaining a reinforcement from Julia; but, when he found thoſe jewels he had ſo often looked on with longing eyes, were gone, his ſpirits ſunk. Ah! had he known the vaſt wealth ſhe did poſſeſs, and thoſe jewels ſhe had never worn, he would then have been ſenſible he loſt, indeed, a prize worth lamenting. Thus, then, with ſenſations not the moſt agreeable, they arrived at the Opera-houſe; and, notwithſtanding their bitter reflexions, the ſurprize of ſeeing ſuch a theatre, ſo

crowded

crowded, ſo lighted, and ſo decorated, in the ſmall town of Lodi, that the gaiety of the ſcene baniſhed all care,—nothing could have paſſed off more agreeably. Julia, though her dreſs was plain, was wonderfully admired; and ſome gentlemen, acquaintances of the German, invited them to a ſupper, at the great inn of the Columbina, where they were ſo lucky as to arrive juſt time enough to obtain apartments. After ſupper, the box and dice were introduced; and both Julia and her lover were fortunate in winning ſo much money as put off for ſome time longer the *éclairciſſement* of their finances. They were ſo pleaſed with Lodi, that they paſſed a few days there, during which they repleniſhed their purſes ſo handſomely, that they ſet off in high ſpirits on their route to Venice. They met with

nothing worth notice until they arrived at Padua: here they again viſited the opera, but found it ſo different from that at Lodi, though the ſingers were incomparable, that they left it before it was half over. A theatre ill lighted and badly filled, wants that appearance of enjoyment that is ſo neceſſary to create good humour. How true is it, that half the charms of a theatre depend on the brilliancy of the audience! When the expectation of being pleaſed by an entertainment is high raiſed, the diſappointment never fails of putting us out of humour with every thing we meet, for the night. In coming out, they were met by a young Engliſhman, who was caught with the charms of Julia; and, accoſting her with rather too much freedom, the German rudely puſhed him by, and, looking ſcornfully at him, deſired Julia, authoritatively,

ritatively, to proceed to the door before him. The Engliſhman, not being in the habit of paſſing by ſuch treatment, reſented it in ſuch a manner before ſome Venetian gentlemen, that the German thought it neceſſary to his character as an officer, to call him inſtantly to account, and a meeting was fixed for the following day.

Previous to this, Julia had begun to form ſerious reſolutions of ſeeking a new protector: after a Leichenſtein, and a De Verment, the German Officer was flat, and, for the laſt few days, incorrigibly moroſe and dictatorial: and now ſhe was ignorant of the meeting that took place, and the fatal conſequences that enſued, nor had ſhe the ſmalleſt intimation of it, until common report, equally bent on falſehood as on truth, firſt brought the

in the poor way ſhe now vegetated. As no family of character would harbour her, after the late tranſaction, ſhe was compelled to be the inmate of a houſe whoſe wretches exiſted on the miſeries of mankind, preyed on their diſtreſſes, and, when they could no longer make of them by extortion, treated theſe unfortunates with every inhumanity. To theſe people was ſhe obliged to have recourſe, when the trifling ready-money ſhe had was gone, for the ſale of her trinkets, which indeed were but of little value; and theſe circumſtances made that little leſs, as they allowed her only juſt what they pleaſed for them. So true it is, that one ſpecies of misfortune is but the parent of another; and adverſity expoſes us not only to the oppreſſion of ſtrangers, but alſo of thoſe whom in

in proſperity we conſidered our deareſt friends.

One of Julia's laſt reſources was a ring formerly given her by the Baroneſs de Leichenſtein, which a tender recollection of her maternal care, and a glimmering ray of remorſe which now and then obtruded itſelf into her lacerated mind, ſo full of anguiſh, would not permit her to part with without a pang. This ring, then ſo prized, was at laſt obliged to go; but ere that, ſhe reſolved to ſeek, if poſſible, ſome conſcientious broker, who might give her near the value, and what might bring comforts, ſome recompenſe for the feelings ſhe would ſuffer at its loſs. Its value was about fifty pounds Britiſh, and ſhe thought herſelf happy in ſelling it for twenty. As ſhe was returning home, well pleaſed with her ſucceſs, ſhe perceived a man

man following her; ſhe made ſome turnings, to try if he would perſiſt in his purſuit; at length ſhe permitted him to join her, and enter into converſation. He was a handſome well-made man, about five-and-twenty, but had nothing in his air and addreſs of what ſhe had been always uſed to. However his good-humour pleaſed her; and, by the time they had arrived at her home, they became ſo well acquainted, that ſhe aſked him to walk in; and Julia, the beauteous faſcinating Julia, who had ſhone in ſeveral courts, the admiration of all, educated with the utmoſt care in the lap of luxury and profuſion, heireſs to a great fortune, and allied to nobility, was, at the age of twenty-two, reduced to the greateſt poverty, and glad to entertain a foot ſoldier, who had deſerted from his regiment in England,

after

after committing a robbery, by which he had unexpectedly gained a much larger ſum than is uſual on thoſe occaſions, and which induced him to quit his native country to enjoy it with the greater ſecurity. He had now wandered as far as Padua; and his ill-gotten wealth, which he at firſt thought inexhauſtible, was on the decline: he therefore was beginning to have recourſe to his wits for ſupport, and had traced Julia to the broker's, where he ſaw her receive the money. He liked her perſon, and reſolved to aſſiſt her in ſpending her caſh; for which purpoſe he introduced himſelf, and a connexion took place, as we have already ſeen. Julia's principal inducement for admitting it was to gain a friend, by whoſe means ſhe might quit Padua; for now her whole ſcheme and higheſt ambition was to get into

into keeping with ſome man of rank, which ſhe could not hope for where ſhe was. With this view ſhe had kept her wardrobe entire, and joined her fortunes o the firſt man that offered; and as Venice afforded a wider field for their purſuits, and ſhe eagerly longed to viſit that ſcene of voluptuouſneſs and diſſipation, they reſolved, without delay, to repair thither. Grant, for that was the ſoldier's name, ſettled every thing for their departure; and, had he not been with her, ſhe would have found it a difficult taſk to leave the vile people ſhe lodged with; for they had gained ſo much by her, they were loth to let her go. However, the manly, ſpirited conduct of Grant, ſoon ſet every thing right; and, without meeting any thing worth relating, they arrived ſafe at Venice.

Julia's

Julia's ſchemes, and thoſe of her lover, were different: ſhe looked to a more ſuitable connexion, to one that would ſupport her in eaſe at leaſt, if not that ſplendor her heart thirſted after; but how to bring it about, baffled her utmoſt ſkill. The want of money totally prohibited her mixing with that circle in which alone ſhe could hope for the ſucceſs her perſonal charms would quickly have enſured. Grant's conſent was alſo to be obtained; for though the emoluments ariſing from ſuch a connexion he was in no ſituation to deſpiſe, yet ſhe knew not how far his fondneſs for her, which appeared to increaſe more and more every day, might operate againſt his intereſt. His good humour and low wit, though not correſpondent to her education, made the time paſs on cheerfully; and the ſad experience

of

of the miſerable days ſpent at Padua, without either protector or companion, made her prize thoſe advantages ſhe derived from his ſociety, and cautious how ſhe quitted him on an uncertainty.

Matters were in this ſituation, when the ſudden abſence of Grant, for two days, cauſed in her the greateſt alarm; andwhen the morning, noon, and evening of the third day arrived, without any tidings of him, ſhe fell into the utmoſt deſpair. All the little wealth they mutually poſſeſſed was in his keeping; and ſhe now found herſelf bereft of every means of exiſtence, having nothing to part with to procure the moſt trivial ſum. The woman of the houſe, too, with whom ſhe lodged, having ſome ſuſpicions, waited on her the following day, requeſting payment of the rent due, and money lent, as ſhe had that day

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a bill to make up. Not being immediately ſatisfied, ſhe thought it unneceſſary to preſerve any appearances, but directly ſeized, without pity, the whole wardrobe and minuteſt article of the unfortunate Julia, accompanied with the moſt violent threat, that if that was not ſufficient to indemnify her, ſhe would ſend her to priſon. This was a new ſpecies of diſtreſs ſhe had never encountered before: hitherto her ſphere of life totally prevented any knowledge of ſuch miſery; and the horror that now ſeized her at the bare idea, is eaſier conceived than deſcribed. Impriſoned!—ha!—ſhe ſhuddered at the thought—it deprived her almoſt of reaſon; and the only idea ſhe could fix on was, to watch her opportunity to fly from the woman who had thus driven her to diſtraction, and to face any riſk of death, to avoid

avoid impriſonment. On this her mind dwelt ſolely, while another week elapſed, and an increaſe of debt ſtill added to her difficulties. She found herſelf ſo watched, ſhe began to deſpair of accompliſhing her deſign, and every hour brought with it freſh diſquietude. No time had ever paſſed ſo tediouſly—every moment called on her to extricate herſelf by exertion, yet every moment was loſt in painful inaction.

One night, as ſhe lay on the wretched bed, ſleepleſs and miſerable, the idea, for the firſt time, ſtruck her of making her eſcape by night, by lowering herſelf from her window into the ſtreet, although high and dangerous. On recollection, however, ſhe thought of a back-window, which was much lower, and communicated with the yard of the adjoining houſe, by which ſhe

ſhe could get eaſily into one of the principal ſtreets, where ſhe was reſolved to commit her fate to chance. She aroſe with the utmoſt caution, and dreſſing herſelf as advantageouſly as ſhe could in the dark, ſhe bundled up the few things left her by her rapacious landlady, and on tiptoe deſcended to the window from which ſhe hoped to gain her enlargement. She ſtopped ſeveral times, hardly breathing, fearing a diſcovery; when ſuddenly hearing a noiſe, ſhe fled precipitately back to her chamber, where, liſtening for ſome time, and all being huſhed, ſhe found ſhe had been alarmed without a cauſe: ſo muſtering once more reſolution, ſhe again ventured to the window; and, with a palpitating heart, and ſcarce preſence of mind to carry her through her perilous undertaking, ſhe at laſt ſafely landed in the yard

yard, which, from having ſeen people paſs backward and forward through a ſtable, ſhe knew had a communication with the ſtreet. Into this ſtable then ſhe got without difficulty, and opening the door, which was faſtened only by two large bolts on the inſide, between the hours of one and two, ſhe found herſelf emancipated from a ſituation ſhe conceived only to be preferred to death.

Agitated beyond meaſure, by the fatigue and fright, ſhe ſat her down almoſt fainting, and leaned her head againſt the rugged wall of a houſe to recover herſelf. For ſeveral days prior to this, ſhe had found herſelf exceedingly diſordered, which, with the little nouriſhment ſhe had to take, reduced her to a ſtate of great debility. When ſhe was a little reſtored by reſt, ſhe was about to riſe, when ſhe percived a fe-

a female figure advancing ſlowly towards where ſhe ſat. Julia, delighted to ſee one of her own ſex, thought the light of the lamps ſhowed ſhe was of the loweſt order of the wretched, accoſted her, begging to know where ſhe could procure ſome place to paſs the night in.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the woman, "who are you?—The ſound of your voice has ſuch an effect on me!—tell me!—oh! tell me!——but no! it cannot be—yet tell me—are you not Julia, Baroneſs de Leichenſtein?"

"Alas!" ſaid Julia, "and who art thou? ſo well acquainted with that wretched name—ſay who thou art, who thus, in a ſtrange land, recogniſeſt the once happy, but now forlorn Julia? I have not the moſt diſtant recollection of your voice."

"No!"

"No!" replied the woman, "my voice is as much altered by diſeaſe, as my perſon is by want; but the wretch who ſtands before you is no other than your once-happy De la St. Laurent."

"De la St. Laurent!" ſcreamed the aſtoniſhed and delighted Julia, "De la St. Laurent!—am I ſo happy—is it poſſible?—Come to my arms, let us join our fortunes; and ſince fate has once more united us, we will begin to hope ſhe grows weary of her perſecution. Let us retire to your home, and ——"

"Alas!" interrupted De la St. Laurent, "the ſtreets of Venice are my only habitation, the filthy rags you ſee my only wealth."

"Gracious Heaven!" replied Julia, "exactly in your ſituation."

"Then,"

"Then," ſaid De la St. Laurent, "we can be no aſſiſtance to each other; but I perceive your dreſs is tolerable, and you ſtill retain your beauty; with theſe you may pick up a wretched ſupport, but wretched indeed at the beſt, as I well know, ſubject to all the caprice of drunkenneſs and brutality. Oh, God! to what has that vile Baron reduced you!—what has he not to anſwer for! had you married that beauteous worthy youth, his ſon ———"

"Peace!" interrupted Julia, "nor torture me with retroſpection. Had thy vile leſſons been ſpared, that firſt poiſoned the ſeeds of virtue in my mind, and drove from my heart the wiſe precepts of that beſt of women, I ſhould have ſhuddered at the attacks of that villain Leichenſtein, and been ſaved from the deſtruction you

yourſelf have brought upon me: but repining and revilings are now too late: let me ſell theſe few things, the only remains of my former comforts, and get me under ſome ſhelter, where I may yield up my ill-ſpent life; for any thing is better than living expoſed to the multitude as they paſs, with the pavement for my pillow, and the heavens my only covering." The day now appearing, they retired to a wretched hovel, where De la St. Laurent had been, while ſhe could pay for it; and having pawned ſome of Julia's clothes, they treated themſelves to a comfortable meal, a pleaſure they had both been long deprived of.

A few days after Julia had taken up her reſidence at this hovel ſhe was ſeized with a violent fever, which ſoon proved fatal. At an early period of the diſorder, ſhe became

came delirious, and continued ſo until her deceaſe. The deprivation of her ſenſes was certainly, in her ſituation, a bleſſing, as ſhe by that means was unconſcious of her own miſery, and the cruelty of one with whom ſhe had ſpent a great part of her early youth; for De la St. Laurent, the moment ſhe found her complaint infectious, inſtantly fled, leaving the wretched ſufferer to her hapleſs fate. The fever was of ſo malignant a nature, that the owners of the houſe, not daring to remove her for fear of infection, precipitately quitted their abode, and left her without the ſmalleſt ſuccour or aſſiſtance: ſo that Julia, once the rich, the gay, the envied Julia, ended her ſhort life of vice without a human being to cloſe her eyes, or adminiſter the moſt trifling comfort.

De la St. Laurent, as was ſaid before, fled the houſe, and in extremity forſook her friend; but yet too late, ſhe carried the infection with her, which ſoon appeared in all its violence; and, in preference to ending her days in the ſtreet, ſhe returned to the hovel, in hopes of being admitted. When ſhe found the inhabitants gone, and Julia had breathed her laſt, ſhe threw herſelf in agony on the bed with the corpſe, and there in a few hours terminated her long career of vice.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

More Matter to wonder at—A Surpriſe—Another Caſtle—A Diſcovery of a very diſagreeable nature—A Journey productive of extraordinary Events, both melancholy and myſterious.

SALVADOR, the morning after his arrival, told Madame Lindorn he intended paſſing ſome time at Montbelliard, and ſignified his wiſh that ſhe ſhould join him with her good aunt, Madame Lafac, an old lady, who had been almoſt as unfortunate as Madame Lindorn, and who had accompanied her from Berlin to Montbelliard, as part of his immediate family. He

wiſhed that propriety permitted him to add Mariena to the ſociety of thoſe two amiable women; and took an opportunity of informing them of her very extraordinary ſtory, where he had placed her, and a juſt panegyric on her character and underſtanding: of his own misfortunes he ſaid not a word. Madame Lindorn made many inquiries after Julia, and the Baron, his father; and, hearing they were married, ſhe claſped her hands in an agony and cried, Good God, is it poſſible! — Her countenance bore every mark of ſurpriſe and horror.

Salvador was too much taken up with the train of ideas, the mention of this fatal marriage brought to his mind, to take notice either of the exclamation, or the effects the knowledge of the marriage had on her viſage; and, falling into one of

of his abſences, he ſat a conſiderable time ſilent, his vacant eyes perfectly unconſcious of the objects they reſted upon, and wholly ſo of the preſence of the ladies: he once or twice heard ſighs that awakened their feelings, and gave another channel to the ſorrows of Madame Lindorn. She took in, in one view, the full miſery of the too amiable Salvador; ſhe commiſerated his ſufferings, and would have given him comfort if ſhe could; but comfort was not for Salvador. He walked out, and they ſaw no more of him for that night. When he retired to his chamber, he did not find himſelf inclined to ſleep—he put out his candle, and opening the caſement, he indulged in all the melancholy retroſpection of his fate. The night was clear—the Luna on the morrow was to be born anew, ſhe therefore gave no aſſiſtant light to

Salvador; yet her heavenly aſſociates ſhone out in full refulgence, to make her loſs leſs felt. The twinkling ſtars juſt ſhowed the objects, not diſtinctly, but in miſtitude; and wood and mountain, valley, hill, and dale, ſeemed one great maſs. A landſcape of the moſt enticing aſpect would not have engaged the thoughts of Salvador: the brighteſt moon tinging the diſtant tops of high-raiſed hills—the glaſſy ſurface of the cleareſt ſtream meandering and reflecting back the objects that proudly ſtand upon its margin—the ſheep-bell and mighty ſongers, would have had no charms for Salvador. The midnight gloom that now began to reign, as the centinels relieved below, and called the hour of one, ſuited better with his melancholy muſings. A humid miſt ariſing from the valley, accompanied with a lowering ſky, came

chilly

chilly over him, and, feeling cold, he ſhut the caſement; and turning round, a figure, tall and majeſtic, all in white, croſſed his eyes, and vaniſhed. He called in vain—the duſky darkneſs of his room was unfavourble for purſuit—he ſtruck a light, and then examined all around; but nothing could be found. He attributed to his fancy what he had thought real—the workings of a diſturbed imagination effected his optic nerves; and what he thought he ſaw, he queſtioned not but it was the viſion of the brain. He ſat him down; and, while reflecting on the cauſes from which ſuch fancies ſpring, his eyes being fixed on the portrait of the Baroneſs his mother, he thought he perceived a peculiar expreſſion in the countenance; the eyes appeared to ſhut and open, the lips to move: the whole form he contemplated

ſeemed animated. Amazement ſhook his ſoul. "Speak, my mother," ſaid he, addreſſing the canvas that brought every feature, every look of his exalted, much-honoured parent to his mind, "ſpeak, and tell me what act thou wouldſt have Salvador perform?" He ceaſed—a deep and hollow groan, iſſuing from the wall on which the picture hung, made Salvador ſtart; he aroſe with palpitating heart and ſteps unſteady, and, advancing cloſe to the portrait, he gazed with ſuch a mixture of doubt and aſtoniſhment, that a deprivation alone of intellect, he thought, could cauſe the fearful ſenſations that thrilled through his ſoul. At length he rallied his ſpirits, and took ſhame to himſelf for feeling ſuch uneaſineſs at ſounds, which now, as the vapour of the brain went off, he concluded proceeded from ſome natural

cauſes,

cauſes, which he reſolved to make a ſtrict ſearch into. He approached the door of his chamber with a lighted taper, in order to inveſtigate all the apartments contiguous to his own: as he turned the lock, another deep and hollow groan arreſted his attention: his mind now hung ſuſpended between doubt, perplexity, and ſurpriſe; his eyes were turned to the place from whence the ſounds proceeded, and again he found them fixed on the loved countenance of his mother. Irreſolute what to do, he left the door, and turning round he placed himſelf juſt under the picture. The wind blew loud, the rain in copious drops beat hard againſt the caſements, the rattling thunder ſeemed to ſhake the caſtle to its foundations, the vivid lightning flaſhed acroſs his eyes, the ruſhing tempeſt burſt the half-faſtened

caſement

caſement open, and extinguiſhed the light which Salvador ſtill held; and then another deep and dreadful groan was heard. In the midſt of this dire confuſion and general wreck of the elements, Salvador ſtood loſt in aſtoniſhment, not unmixed with terror; but after ſome time recollection coming to his aid, "A murderer's hand," he cried, "a murderer's hand, has given the fatal blow to ſome unhappy wretch, who thus, in the laſt agonies of departing life, ſends forth theſe horrid ſounds. Yes! it muſt be ſo—I'll ring and ſearch the Caſtle." He pulled the bell, and again ſtriking a light, once more traverſing the whole of his apartment, his eyes again reſted upon the portrait of the Baroneſs. "My mother," he exclaimed, "Oh! my mother!" He pauſed, and looking ſtill upon the picture, a voice, ſweet as that of the departed,

anſwered,

anſwered, "My ſon! my Salvador!" A fearful tremor came over all his frame—big drops of ſweat rolled down his pallid cheeks—the taper which he held, fell from his feeble hand—and, ſtaggering to a ſeat, he ſunk his head upon his breaſt. The words, "My ſon, my Salvador," ſtill echoed in his ear; his ſenſes nearly fled, an awful ſilence reigned; the ſtormy wind was lulled into a perfect calm, the rain had ceaſed, the mighty thunder was no longer heard, nor did the friendly lightning dart its flaſhes, to relieve the total darkneſs, in which, from the falling of his taper, he was again enveloped. It was long e'er the ſick languor of the mind gave place to reflexion, or would obey the powerful exertions reaſon called upon him to make on this trying occaſion, in which his philoſophy was much too weak for his terrors.

During

During this memorable interval between total darkneſs and the firſt ray of light, he called together, with much exertion, every enfeebled power; his ſcattered ſenſes were long in vain bade to regain their ſtrength: the voice he heard, the words ſo uttered, threw his imagination into ſuch a maze of embarraſſment, that reaſon and argument were ſummoned to his aid without effect. Fancy preſented the loved form of the Baroneſs, pale, ſpeechleſs, expiring. Death could not extinguiſh the tenderneſs he had felt for her from his earlieſt infancy; nor was time likely to cool the ardour with which her affection for him had filled his ſoul. His blood ſeemed to congeal on his heart, and the ſenſe of loſs in that beſt of women reigned alone. All his other ſufferings ſeemed forgotten and abſorbed in that one ſingle idea. Wearied at length by

the

the contending ſenſations under which he ſuffered, he flung himſelf upon the bed; and by the time the early dawn began to enlighten his chamber, he ſunk into a profound ſleep: tired nature was reſtored by the healing balm of ſweet forgetfulneſs, and it was late in the forenoon when Salvador awoke. The ſtrange occurrences of the night ſtruck on his ſenſes, as he ſurveyed the picture which had cauſed him ſuch dread alarm. The imaginary whiſpers and uncertain forms that glided through his chamber were all now reviewed and reaſoned upon. He recollected that he had rung his bell violently, and the circumſtances of no attendant obeying the ſummons puzzled him extremely. To every chamber in the Caſtle a bell communicated with a ſervant's apartment. Hartly, the watchful attentive Hartly, occupied that which belonged to

the

the haunted chamber; he had never before been negligent of his duty. What was Salvador to think? He dwelt much on this circumſtance; yet wiſhing that what he had witneſſed in the night ſhould not be known by any of the family, he reſolved not to mention, even to Madame Lindorn, any thing of the matter, and to pretend that illneſs had detained him ſo long in bed, and cauſed him to ring his bell in the night, by which means he ſhould be able to inquire into the negligence of his ſervant, without giving any ſuſpicion of the real cauſe. He now therefore rang, and Hartly appeared. On inveſtigating the matter, he learned that no bell had rung. Hartly, ever uſed to watch his father's fattening flocks, had been accuſtomed to awake at the leaſt noiſe. The bell which hung at his bed's head he inſiſted had never

never ſtirred during the whole of the preceding night: it was large, and the ſlighteſt touch muſt have alarmed and brought him attendance. He lamented the inconvenience the want of his preſence, at a ſeaſon of illneſs, muſt have produced to his beloved maſter; and entreated to be admitted to ſleep in the adjoining apartment, where the ſound of his voice, in any extremity, ſhould in a moment bring him into his preſence; and that he ſhould no more truſt to a bell that had proved falſe to his touch. This, however, Salavador did not think prudent at ſuch a juncture, and he put off Hartly by telling him he muſt pull harder in future.

Slight as this circumſtance was, it weighed much with Salvador; for he had often witneſſed that the ever-watchful and faithful Hartly was eaſily rouſed; he

he had almoſt ſtrained the cord, he pulled ſo violently: the whole adventure of the night was myſterious and unaccountable. He diſmiſſed Hartly, and raiſing his eyes to Heaven in ſearch of the pure tranſlated ſoul of his dear departed mother, he poured forth his praiſes to that great and ſublime Being who is ſuperior to all, and to whom he had ever paid his early and late adoration, whoſe ways are inſcrutable, and decrees unqueſtionable. The ſoul of Salvador was warmed with devotion; he took from his breaſt a ſmall miniature of the Baroneſs. "Thy early care, bleſſed Saint, infuſed part of that virtue in which alone we can reſemble our Maker." Every care-furrowed feature of the night gradually relaxed, as he thought on her perfections; his ſuſceptible ſoul indulged in the ſofteſt effuſions; the ſacred throbs of nature

ture beat high upon his heart; convulsively impassioned exclamations burst from his lips; and, giving way to the genuine impulse of gratitude and affection, he dissolved into tears.

The forenoon had nearly passed away ere Salvador joined the family, with looks in which were painted sorrow and distress. The miniature of the Baroness still hung outside his waistcoat; his thoughts dwelt not on trifles, his feelings were too exquisite to observe his neglect—and still the picture dangles at his breast. Madame Lindorn eagerly viewed it, and judged his thoughts were occupied too much on the dear original to admit another idea: she wished him to be a little restored by the refreshment of breakfast ere he perused a packet brought from the monastery of——. Salvador eat little, talked not, and rising from

from the table, the beauty of the day induced him to aſk Madame Lindorn to accompany him in a ride: ſhe complied, and they ſet out. She ſaw he made many efforts at cheerfulneſs, but ever and anon he ſunk into forgetfulneſs and gloom; ſhe reſolved to withhold the packet to the following day, for the meſſenger had informed her of the contents. She knew they would affect Salvador too much; and ſhe thought, in the ſtate of mind he appeared, ſhe was juſtified in the detention. Towards night he affected ſpirits, which the penetrating eye of his attentive friend ſoon perceived were not real; ſhe however encouraged the deceit, and exerted all her powers to chace from his mind whatever had planted ſuch ſorrow there. At length they parted for the night, and Salvador once more returned to that apartment where he had witneſſed

witneſſed ſuch fearful ſences the night preceding. The hour was twelve when he entered it; and he reſolved not to retire to bed until that hour ſhould paſs which firſt had cauſed his alarm, at ſeeing the figure glide by him. His nightly addreſs to the Supreme Being was juſt finiſhed, as the caſtle-guard called the hour of one—Salvador aroſe from his knees, and, ſitting down by a table, ſeemed to wait the iſſue of the night: all was ſtill—he read until near three o'clock, and then retired to bed: he enjoyed a quiet ſleep, and aroſe refreſhed. His mended looks rejoiced the whole ſoul of Madame Lindorn, until ſhe reflected how very ſoon the packet ſhe held, would alter them again. After breakfaſt ſhe retired, and ſent it by his gentleman, as if it only juſt that moment had arrived.

"A packet from the monaſtery of ——," ſaid he, as he preſented it. Salvador received it with joy, ſuppoſing it contained ſome wiſhes of Mariena, with an account of her health and happineſs. As he broke the ſeal, he ran over in his mind the ſweet and timid look ſhe wore as ſhe traced theſe lines to him, and the balm they would prove to his troubled ſoul; but how unlooked-for were the contents! how ſhocked, how greatly ſhocked was Salvador, when he read, inſtead of the well-known characters of his adopted ſiſter, a ſtranger's writing, with the ſad tale of Mariena being carried off by moſt horrid ruffians, hired, as the Lady Abbeſs ſuppoſed, for the purpoſe; their faces blackened, and their whole appearance ſuch as ſtruck terror into the affrighted Madame H——, who accompanied the unfortunate and

lamented

lamented Mariena in a lovely walk. After moſt pathetically enlarging on her numerous perfections, the growing attachment ſhe found had taken poſſeſſion of her in favour of the intereſting loſt Mariena, ſhe recommends moſt ſtrongly to Salvador an immediate purſuit, and adviſes him to make a circuitous ſearch from Montbelliard to the Monaſtery, where the Lady Abbeſs expreſſed a great deſire to adviſe in perſon with him on this moſt unfortunate event.

As Madame Lindorn entered with the hope of ſpeaking comfort to Salvador, ſhe ſaw that all the former ſymptoms of a preoccupied mind had gone off, and was replaced by a thouſand contending paſſions which ſeemed to harrow up his ſoul. He gave the letter to Madame Lindorn: "Read," ſaid he, "Read a new affliction

that has come upon the torn Salvador—when will his ſorrows have an end?"

As Madame Lindorn went over the ſad contents of the Lady Abbeſs's letter, ſhe ſaw there was ſomething myſterious in the advice of taking a circuitous journey from Montbelliard to the Monaſtery, and obſerved it to Salvador, as ſhe returned the packet. "Suppoſe, my Lord," ſaid ſhe, "you ſleep to-morrow night at the Caſtle of Leichenſtein. I ſaw a man who came from thence not many days ago: the Baron, your father, has not been there for ſome time, and there perhaps you may gain ſome intelligence; you have intereſt enough among his vaſſals, and they may be of the greateſt ſervice to you in the purſuit, in the very way the Lady Abbeſs recommends."

"It

"It does," ſaid Salvador, "and yet——

He ſtopped—Madame Lindorn was ſilent. After a pauſe of a few minutes, Salvador ſtarted up, and ringing the bell, gave inſtant orders for his departure.

"You recommend a viſit to the Caſtle of Leichenſtein?" turning round to Madame Lindorn.

"Moſt devoutly," was the reply.

Every feeling of Salvador was rouſed to the quick at the bare idea. The human mind, when elevated with hope, feels heavier the influence of diſappointment: Salvador's at this moment became a perfect chaos. Mariena, torn from the aſylum where he, in the greateſt confidence, had placed her for ſafety, recommended, at the ſame time, as a means of regaining her, to make a viſit to his father's Caſtle.

"You ſurely cannot think I ſhall meet her there," ſaid he, addreſſing Madame Lindorn.

"Moſt ſurely not," was her reply; "a thought of ſuch a nature never ſtruck me: but well I know ſome you have there who would exert their every power to ſerve and make you happy."

"You are perfectly in the right; I really do believe there are many of my father's people attached to me; yet ſome, I have reaſon to think, are much more to his intereſt than mine."

"Among the number, I imagine," ſaid Madame Lindorn, "you rank your father's favourite, Zoderiſki."

"I do," ſaid Salvador.

"He is a character," returned Madame Lindorn, "if I may give my opinion openly and freely to you, my Lord, that I moſt

I moſt ſolemnly beſeech you to be careful of." There was that in Madame Lindorn's manner which attracted the more immediate attention of Salvador.

"You ſurely muſt know ſomething very particular of him," ſaid he.

"He never loved my lady the Baroneſs, your mother," rejoined Madame Lindorn; and while ſhe was yet ſpeaking, a ſervant entered to ſay the horſes were at the door. Salvador, impatient to be gone, took a reſpectful, affectionate, but haſty leave of Madame Lindorn, and departed.

Rapid movements are enemies to reflection. Salvador regulated the gait of his courſer according to his feelings: ſeparated as he was by leagues of intervening country from the unfortunate Mariena, his wiſhes far exceeded his ſwifteſt progreſs, and his impatience to gain ſome

intelligence of her, out-ſtript all bounds; yet great as was his anxiety, and rapid his motions, the words of Madame Lindorn when ſpeaking of Zoderiſki, "He never loved the Baroneſs, your mother," reverberated on his ear, and ſunk deep into his mind.

Madame Lindorn ſaw from the ramparts the courſe Salvador had taken, and the fleeting ſteeds ſeemed to cut the air; nine hours at that rate muſt bring him to the Caſtle of Leichenſtein.—Madame Lindorn wrung her hands in an agony.

The fears of Salvador for the fate of Mariena became more and more unſupportable, as he reflected on the horrid ruffians with blackened faces, hired villains, monſters of dark deeds—her former perſecuters doubtleſs had again got her into their power.—What, oh! what would now become

become of her, as ſhe had eſcaped from her priſon in England, apparently by the death of old Munday?—a younger jailer would now be far more rigorous and ſevere; what cruelties may he not inflict on the gentle Mariena! His heart ſunk at the thought of her ſufferings—the moſt excruciating tortures wrecked his ſoul to diſtraction: his generous and unadulterated ſpirit, ſhocked at the perſecution of a helpleſs woman, vowed to traverſe the world in ſearch of her, and, ſhould ſucceſs crown his labours, to protect her with his life.

Invigorated with the hopes of reſcuing her, he ſpurred on his horſe, followed by his faithful Hartly and four other tried domeſtics, well armed, all of whom he knew would ſtand by him to the end. The day was faſt approaching to its cloſe when Salvador plunged into the foreſt not far diſtant

diſtant from the Caſtle of Leichenſtein: he preſſed forward through the ſolemn gloom, till, fearful of miſſing his way, he halted to reconſider it: his attendants knew it not; to find it reſted ſolely on Salvador: he knew the point he was going to by that which had directed him for many leagues; but he had never travelled the road before. His father's caſtle was unknown to him: he could tell exactly the point where it lay; but there his knowledge ended. The Baron de Leichenſtein had never taken Salvador nor the Baroneſs, his mother, thither: he had always viſited the Caſtle alone. From report, Salvador knew he kept it up, and ready for his own accommodation; he therefore did not fear getting thoſe refreſhments he ſtood ſo much in need of, to recover from the fatigue of thoſe exertions he had uſed ſince he left

Mont-

Montbelliard. The road he made choice of fortunately proved to be the right one, and a ſhort time brought him to the moat of the Caſtle. He ſtopped to ſurvey it—the blank and ſullen ſtillneſs, the general pauſe of nature, ſtruck Salvador with horror; his jaundiced eye changed the noble Caſtle of Leichenſtein to a great priſon, where crimes of the blackeſt die were hourly committed: inſtead of thoſe domeſtics attached to his intereſt, he expected to ſee banditti ruſh upon him from beneath the battlements, and cruſh him and his little band to atoms. He indulged theſe fancies of a heated imagination till Hartly, ever watchful, ventured to ride up to him, and aſked, was it his pleaſure to be announced at the Caſtle? So much was Salvador abſorbed in reflections of the bittereſt retroſpection, that the voice of Hartly made him

him ſtart, and, graſping his ſword, he half drew it, ere he was conſcious of the voice that had rouzed him being Hartly's. Julia, his father, and his wrongs, occupied his whole ſoul; and, as he ſat on his horſe brooding over his ſorrows, he ſhuddered at entering the abode of his father: he once turned about, determined not to do ſo, when, ſeeing his faithful followers by the grey light that now fell upon them, and hearing the panting of the weary and much-preſſed horſes, he again faced the Caſtle, and ſent a courier to announce him. As the great gates cloſed upon him, and ſent their echoes reverberating round and round the courts, the heart of Salvador ſunk, and he gave way to a woman's weakneſs. Zoderiſki ſtarted, on ſeeing him; but, quickly recovering himſelf, "My Lord, the Baron de Montbelliard," bowing to the

the ground, "is welcome to the Caſtle of Leichenſtein."

Salvador gave a ſlight inclination of the head, and paſſed on. Zoderiſki's features were ſtamped with a mark not to be miſtaken—villain was written on every one of them too plainly to be overlooked even by the benevolent Salvador; his officious care diſguſted him. He aſked not for the Baron his father. "I intend ſtaying here," ſaid Salvador, "ſome two or three days, I ſuppoſe that I can, with my people, be accommodated during that period."

Zoderiſki again bowed to the ground, and anſwered, "Moſt unqueſtionably."

The high-vaulted room re-echoed back the footſteps of Zoderiſki as he quitted it, and the ſhutting of the door ſounded hollow in the ear of Salvador, who, for the firſt time, found himſelf in his father's caſtle:

caſtle: he threw himſelf on a ſofa, and gave way to the bittereſt complaints. "Julia!" he exclaimed, "luckleſs, hapleſs Julia! I once thought to love thee was to do honour to myſelf. Julia, ſtill thou art dear to me, covered as thou art with diſgrace and diſhonour—my heart is unable to alter the language it ſo early learnt—I have wept over thee, Julia, and my moſt miſerable fate, till I have not a tear to beſtow on common afflictions. When laſt I ſaw that villain Zoderiſki, I had but one ſorrow to mourn; now that I behold his horrid viſage again, what accumulated miſeries are heaped upon my hapleſs head! even Mariena could not eſcape—I muſt have the deſtruction of that innocent maid alſo to mourn."

A ſumptuous repaſt was laid, before Salvador thought it was poſſible the moſt trifling

trifling articles of refreſhment could be prepared. The circumſtance ſtruck him moſt forcibly, he could not account for it; the greateſt delicacies, the moſt exquiſite cookery, in the greateſt profuſion, were ſerved to him as if by magic.

"Your cooks at the Caſtle of Leichenſtein are expeditious, Mr. Zoderiſki," ſaid Salvador, eyeing him moſt narrowly.

Zoderiſki ſhrunk from the ſcrutiny, but again recollecting himſelf, "He hoped," with the profoundeſt reverence, "that there was ſomething my Lord the Baron de Montbelliard could eat; he was ſorry, for the honour of the noble Baron, his maſter, that the Caſtle was ſo poorly provided."

Salvador took no farther notice, but the entertainment cauſed him much ſuſpicion: he augured from it, that the Caſtle was inhabited by a claſs much ſuperior to the

Maître d'Hôtel; and he longed for bed-time, to interrogate Hartly. He had given his attendants their leſſons, and pointed out the particular dependants of his father whom they ſhould gain over.

"I have travelled ſome leagues, Mr. Zoderiſki—pray inform me when my chamber is ready for my reception."

Zoderiſki quitted the room with a low bow, and ſhortly after returned, when Salvador enquired for Hartly. The Maître d'Hôtel offered his ſervices—"My Lord's Engliſh valet is gone to bed much fatigued, and begged to be excuſed attendance for that night."

"I have meaſured the ſame road," ſaid Salvador, returning into the room he had quitted, "and I deſire he may riſe to attend me."

Zoderiſki bowed, and retired. Some time elapſed before he returned, during which time

time Salvador was loſt in a variety of reflections,

"It is quite impoſſible he ſhould riſe, my Lord; he is much diſguiſed in liquor."

"Diſguiſed in liquor!" re-echoed Salvador.

The Maître d'Hôtel bowed.

"Let my Swiſs be called," ſaid Salvador.

"They are all exactly in the ſame predicament with your Engliſh valet, my Lord," ſaid Zoderiſki.

Salvador thought it was now time to diſſemble: the words of Madame Lindorn recurred to him—"I moſt ſolemnly beſeech you to be careful of Zoderiſki."

"Your liquors are potent," ſaid Salvador pleaſantly.

"The Baron, your father, my Lord, wiſhes that all who enter this Caſtle ſhould be well treated."

"You

"You obſerve your maſter's orders implicitly," ſaid Salvador, ſmiling; "and ſince you have taken ſuch care of my ſervants, I muſt take care of myſelf;" ſo taking the candle, he ordered Zoderiſki to go on, and he would follow. The room was very large, the hangings of dark green damaſk, in high preſervation; the bed was canopied, and fringed with gold: one great mirror oppoſite the door ſhowed Zoderiſki to Salvador, in whoſe face he fancied a thouſand dangers to himſelf. "All my people made drunk!" ſaid Salvador, as the Maître d'Hôtel ſhut the chamber-door. Again Madame Lindorn's words—"Be careful of Zoderiſki," ſtruck forcibly on his mind. So he determined to watch through the night, leſt he might be ſurpriſed.

END OF VOL. I.

W. Lane, Minerva Preſs, Leadenhall-ſtreet.